

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
NEWSPAPER

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SIGNOR HENRICO  
TAMBERLIK.

ON the 6th of October, Signor Henrico Tamberlik will begin his New York engagement at the Grand Opera House. About this remarkable tenor a great deal has been said and printed lately, and it becomes a matter of interest to know somewhat of his history. Although Florence, Naples, Pisa and other cities claim the honor of being his birthplace, direct evidence is to the effect that he was born in Rome in 1820, and is consequently fifty-three years of age.

As in many other instances of astonishing professional success, the adoption of his particular branch was brought about more by accident than design. He was not originally intended for the lyric profession, but was educated for a theologian. This course of study proved distasteful to him, and he resolved to renounce it. His subsequent career has demonstrated the wisdom of his decision.

He began to take singing lessons under such masters as Borgno and Guglielme. His efforts from the first indicated a peculiar aptitude for the lyric profession, and the possession of talents of an extraordinary nature.

In the Theatre del Fondo, in Naples, he made his *début*. This was in 1841. The character selected was one in the "Capuletti e Montecchi." But he did not achieve success at once. It took two years more of hard study and persistent struggle before he shot up into the musical heavens as a star of the first magnitude, and bathed all Europe in the blaze of his name. He was singing then at the Grand Opera House of Lisbon, and the world halted in its discordant march to listen to this new sweet singer. By a sudden change in his voice he merged into a tenor spogato from a tenor serio. Then it was that he was hailed as a phenomenon, and his future became assured.

From Lisbon he went forth to new fields and new victories. Barcelona, Madrid, and then the great and cold London, applauded him to the echo, and showered commendation upon him until his brow was heavy with the weight of laurel. In those cities he was welcomed as the successor of Rubini, and it was at Covent Garden that his matchless impersonation of *William Tell* won for him an enthusiastic acclaim that was new to the Opera House.

St. Petersburg was the next scene of his triumphs. He sang there for eighteen consecutive seasons, and the capital went wild about him. While in St. Petersburg he introduced Meyerbeer's operas of "Le Prophète" and "Le Pardon de Ploermel." He was twice decorated by the Emperor Nicholas, and was appointed "Chief Singer of the Chamber Court."

Meyerbeer's energetic efforts to induce Tamberlik to come to Paris are familiar to the readers of musical history. The efforts were all in vain. The tenor declared that he would not risk his reputation in the attempt to sing French. It was not until 1858 that he accepted an engagement at the Italiens in the French capital, and it was this same year, as some of our readers will recollect, that Mr. Max Maretzek announced him for his season of Italian



SIGNOR HENRICO TAMBERLIK, THE GREAT ITALIAN TENOR.

opera in this city. Owing, perhaps, to the more brilliant prospects in Paris, he did not come here. That season was a memorable one for him. He was declared by the French writers to be the rare combination of perfect actor and perfect singer which they had despaired of finding. They went into ecstasies over his "ut dieze" in "Othello," "Poliuto" and "Don Giovanni," for they were just as excitable in those days as they are at present, and chest C's were a new commodity. The verdict of Paris, London and Madrid was a notable one. It is preserved for us in the various effusions of the time. No such *Othello* had they ever seen. No such *Othello* certainly had ever been heard. As late as 1869 Tamberlik made his *re-entrée* at the Italiens, and was again received with an ardor bordering on frenzy.

His fame is not, however, confined to Europe. He has been engaged at Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Mexico and Havana, receiving, it is said, the largest salary ever paid to a tenor—35,000 francs a month.

He has also been for two years *impresario* of the Tacon Theatre at Havana; and now he comes to New York to let us judge by the evidence of our senses the justice of his fame. The criticism already written on him accords him the possession of rare histrionic ability, in addition to that of wonderful vocal powers. He is the actor and singer combined, and therefore a perfect operatic artist. He is forcible, and yet, at the same time, has a rare repose. He is mild and fiery, withal, at times. Perhaps it would be best to say that his style is that of romance without extravagance.

In welcoming him to New York we do it with a proud consciousness that the city is the proper field for his culling of fresh flowers of fame. Despite what has been said to the contrary, it is in New York that the Opera will flourish as well as anywhere else on the globe, provided, always, that the entertainment set before us is not so scanty as to create a marked disproportion between it and the price charged. Our people are a music-loving people, and will always support the finest operatic ventures. Tamberlik's name alone will cast a splendor over the coming season, which, blended with the more gentle effulgence of the other sweet-throated singers, flying hitherward, will make the operatic campaign of 1872 and 1873 more glorious than any that we have had. Signor Tamberlik has already had sufficient opportunity to inspect the city, and expresses himself charmed with what he has seen.

Tamberlik, in personal appearance, is robust and sturdy. His eye still flashes with the fire of youth, and his step is as firm as it was a score of years ago. Time has mellowed and matured his powers, not weakened them. In the middle of life he stands in the radiant flush of a well-earned prosperity, and the future is all aglow with its possibilities.

When his engagement here is over, and he has gone forward on his way through the States, there will be but few new scenes for him to seek. He will then have put a belt of song all round the globe, and, like Alexander, must needs sigh for more worlds to conquer.



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## THE NEW YORK "HERALD."

EVERY purchaser of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER this week is entitled to receive our Supplement, which is a fac-simile of the first number of the New York Herald as issued by the elder Bennett. Among the advertisements in the little sheet is one by Horace Greeley, announcing the publication of the New Yorker. It is hardly fair to make a comparison of the Herald of 1835 with the Herald of 1873. To be sure, the paper on which it was printed in 1835 was good, as will be seen by our Supplement, which perfectly reproduces it; the type was clean and clear; and the writing was careful and entertaining; but people are likely to say that it was a very little thing. In our reproduction there are absolutely no imperfections. We have not even the creases and blurs on the time-yellowed paper. But that little newspaper cloud, scarcely larger than a man's hand, was destined to cover the whole journalistic heavens from Yreka to Ujiji. The Herald to-day is, in fact, the same Herald, with the same qualities. What appears old and little in the Herald of 1835 was as new and as large as anything that appears in the Herald of 1873.

The Bennett who manages the Herald to-day is of the same material as he who founded it. The Livingstone expedition had its origin in the money market report invented by the elder journalist. The discussion of Caesarism is a fit supplement to the fight on Pierce. The resources are different; the man is the same. The management of the Herald has always been marked by resolute daring. Like the waves of the sea, the paper has lived because it has always been in agitation. We are moved by no enthusiasm when we say that, taking it from 1835 to 1873, the Herald has been the greatest newspaper the world ever saw.

## BUTLER'S REVERSE.

EVERY one will rejoice in Ben Butler's defeat in his struggle for the Governorship in Massachusetts, since every one likes to see a bully thrashed. If the thrashing is given by a sober citizen, who is not suspected of knowing a boxing-glove from an apple-dumpling, the general enjoyment is all the keener. Butler is the bully of American politics. He is, we are sorry to say, not the most corrupt of American politicians, but to decent people he is one of the most offensive. It is difficult to say why he is so. Perhaps it is as much in his defiant egotism as in anything else. This quality throws a sort of glare on his other bad or poor qualities, and brings them out in unpleasant distinctness. We are aware that it is quite the fashion to say of Butler that his worst faults are best known, that he is at least no hypocrite, and that he does not do as much harm as a sneak who is just as bad would do. There is some plausibility in this view; but it appeals rather to the feelings than the reason. Were Butler a private man, it would be very well to say that we would rather deal with him than with a more secretive scamp. But he is not a private man, and his bold wickedness is set up before the country, a bad example to those who are to be tempted and a just offense to those who would preserve at least decency in our public men. There is no measuring the injury done to the moral sense of a community by a man who can do as mean things and defend them as Butler does. His conduct is a constant invitation to scamps to enter politics against honest men. These say to themselves: "Here is a man who habitually lies in public, and whose impudence enables him to live down all exposures; why should a man stick to the truth when Butler can succeed?" Suppose one of this class, conversant with all the facts, to take up Butler's speech (he only made one, and repeated it indefinitely in this last campaign). It opens with a pretended quotation from a New Orleans paper, calling him a black man. The statement never appeared in the paper referred to, and was repudiated by that journal

years ago. The speech goes on, then, to attack Judge Hoar by means of a gross falsehood as to his back-pay—not as to his motives, but as to the facts. It next undertakes to explain the hostility of a Boston paper by a story full of glaring and proven misstatements; and so on through the speech. Our representative scamp will chuckle over these things. His trade will appear to him a thriving one, which he can afford to let the virtuous old fogies denounce. Suppose he turns from the speech to study Butler's acts. Take the three most conspicuous in his civil career—his advocacy of repudiation, his defense of Oakes Ames, and his engineering of the salary grab. Ought these not to give good cheer to a scoundrel? They declare to him that an unblushing demagogue, whose name is linked with the worst public acts of his time—and acts, too, which his party has everywhere denounced—still boasts that he is worth more to his party than his party is to him, still defends his course in public, and pleads with cynical indifference to right and wrong; not that he is good, but that he is as good as most men, and that profession of a higher standard is nothing but hypocrisy.

That Butler is an adroit politician no one who knows him will deny. He knows how to enlist the greed and the passions of men in his own interest; and greed and passion are very powerful elements in the politics of any country. They are particularly and dangerously powerful in our own country at the present time, because they are made so by the existence of a machinery that bad men can use more effectually than good. Our Civil Service places effective weapons in the hands of men like Butler. It enables them to appeal to the fear of those who hold office, and the hope and ambition of the far greater number who want to hold office. These two classes, the office-holder and the office-seeker, form a compact, homogeneous mass of men, sustained by unflagging motives, capable of being organized and drilled in the details of political action. What they do in politics they do for gain, or the prospect of gain. They are always ready, always eager, never forgetful, or indifferent, or absorbed in other things. When most decent men take part in politics, they have to abandon other and more profitable or pleasanter pursuits. They do it reluctantly, are apt to tire of it readily, and rarely find any compensation in it for their services. Not so with the regulars. It is a sacrifice to them not to be active in politics. Their activity, their influence, good or bad—and mostly bad—is their capital. They cannot let it lie idle.

It is in the manipulation of this class that Butler is pre-eminent. He can, with these, pay for favors and punish slights. He never hesitates to make a show of conciliating popular sentiment, however base, if it appear strong, as in the case of repudiation; but his great reliance is on the selfishness of his camp-followers, and on that of those who need his camp-followers. Of course, the only way to get rid of such a leader is to cut off his supplies, and the way to cut off his supplies is to make appointment and retention in office dependent on fitness alone. A genuine Civil Service reform would "bottle up" Butler as completely as the rebels did at Dutch Gap.

## OUR COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE WEST.

It would be an interesting study to trace out, if it were possible, the physico-geographical conditions which have attended the rise and decline of the great commercial cities of the past. Unfortunately, history, while relating results, has not given us the means of knowing accurately the minute and various causes which, leading them first to fame and power, ended in their decrepitude and decay. But what we do know certainly is, that great cities through which the commerce of the world once flowed in a ceaseless tide, were, and are not—and we learn from such examples what may be the fate of communities that neglect the advantages that Nature and the accident of priority have put into their hands.

It may, however, be reasonably presumed that the main condition on which a flourishing commerce depends, and the influence which attracts it to one locality rather than to another, is the facility with which products can arrive and depart and be exchanged; and it may be generally stated that the commercial community which offers these advantages in the highest extent will outstrip its rivals, while the want of them will leave it behind in the race for supremacy.

These general remarks will be understood by our readers to refer to a matter which is now engaging the serious attention of our merchants. We may add that, in our judgment, there has never been before our community a subject more worthy of its serious attention, none more calculated to excite its grave alarm, none, if we except the peril to our national existence, which called more imperatively for instant and decisive action. For, the danger with which the City of New York is threatened is the diminution, if not the loss, of its commerce; and that this is no vague alarm, no imaginary evil, a few words will suffice to prove.

The condition on which our commercial supremacy rests is that no other State or nation shall be able to offer to the trade of the world more cheap, quick or commodious

lines of communication with the vast interior of this country than we can; so that on the one hand the merchandise arriving here from beyond the seas may be expeditiously forwarded to the consumers inland; while on the other, the crops of the West may find a speedy and capacious outlet, and suitable storage here while awaiting transportation to our customers abroad. The facilities we offer for this trade are our lines of railroads and the water-way of the Hudson River and Erie Canal. It is a fact that till within a recent period these means of communication were fully sufficient for all the trade offering, and we laughed at all attempts at rivalry. But it has become apparent that with the enormous increase of agricultural products in the West, our former means of transportation are not capacious enough, and the result is, that the current being dammed up, the headwaters are overflowing in other directions, and our neighbors, North and South, are drawing away the fertilizing streams which, but for our supineness, would enrich us.

We consider it as proved, and beyond the need of argument, that for the transportation of articles of bulk and of small relative value, such as grain, coal, or lumber, for instance, no means of transportation are equal to those by water, and it is stated on the best authority that the Erie Canal does in fact transport more freight during the seven months of navigation than all the railroads centring in New York do during the whole year. It is therefore by enlarged and improved means of water communication that we must seek to retain under our control the trade fast leaving us.

Let us now look at the resources of our rivals. First, those on the South, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We dismiss the route to the ocean by the Mississippi, because, moving for over a thousand miles at a right angle to the direct route to Europe, it is evident that its competition can be only nominal. The Western connections from Philadelphia and Baltimore are by railroad alone, running in nearly parallel lines with those of our State, having for their termini the great grain depots of the West. Their lines are shorter than ours, and therefore we may at once admit that, so far as railroads are concerned, they will continue to attract a certain portion of the trade; and their enterprise in establishing direct lines of steamers to Europe deserves a large measure of success. Our really formidable rival attacks us from the North, and the competition of the Canadians is formidable because they are establishing a water communication more commodious and cheaper than ours, and we have shown that for carrying capacity canals are vastly superior to railroads. The facts now before the public, and which we say must be regarded with the gravest apprehension, are that the Canadians, by enlarging the locks of the Welland Canal and increasing the capacity of the canals on the north side of the St. Lawrence, are drawing to Montreal an increasingly large proportion of our Western trade, and that our commerce will be crippled to an extent which cannot now be foreseen unless vigorous efforts are made to counterbalance the activity of our rivals.

The meeting at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 10th instant, drew the attention of the public in a forcible manner to the extent of the evils that threaten us. Yet we cannot but think that the effect of that demonstration was marred by the want of unanimity as to the means to be used to remedy the impending danger. "A four-track railroad for freight alone, supervised by the Federal Government," looks very nice; but fatal objections to such schemes must occur to every well-informed person. We have already, what the Canadians have not, an open port throughout the year. What we have to do, therefore, is to widen and deepen the canals we already have, so that their tonnage capacity may be doubled; and our storage facilities are such as to give employment to our shipping throughout the winter.

Neither do we want the aid of the Federal purse to enable us to do this. The credit of our State stands high enough in the money markets of the world to enable us to scorn such aid. If the Federal Government can borrow money at 5 per cent. to pay off its 6 per cent. bonds, we have not the slightest doubt that this State of New York can raise ten or fifteen millions of dollars on just as low terms. But it is as certain as any future event can be that, if our canal navigation be allowed to remain in its present unfinished and imperfect condition, we shall, in a few years, see our commerce diverted from us Northwards and Southwards; and we shall not even have the poor consolation of thinking that we could not have avoided the catastrophe.

## HOWITZERS FOR LO.

GENERAL CUSTER'S two days' fight with the Sioux on the Big Horn seems to have been a repetition, with some trifling variation, of a hundred other battles with the Indians which have taken place within the last five years. The savages were finally outgeneraled, but they were not whipped; and having had their fight, they disappeared, to recuperate and to get reinforcements of ammunition and rifles from the Government, with which to renew their skirmish. General Custer's statement that many of these warriors were dressed in complete suits of clothes issued at the Indian

Agencies, and were equipped with the best modern patterns of breech-loading rifles, has not the merit of novelty. Time and again the brave men who have been employed to punish these red rascals have reported, with mingled astonishment and indignation, that they found the enemy supplied by the Government with all the means of offensive warfare. There is something bewilderingly absurd in the Indian policy which divides its attention equally in outfitting the savages for a fight and in the vain endeavor to punish them for fighting afterwards. The Indian war which has been raging for months has had many surprises for us. Not the least of these is the unaccountable backwardness shown by the Government in supplying the Sioux with artillery. Generals Sherman and Canby, it will be remembered, acknowledged long ago that rifled cannon was alone needed on the part of the red belligerents to make them invincible. Their proficiency in the use of breech-loaders and explosive bullets leaves little room to doubt that they would readily become experts with heavier metal. It used to be said that republics are ungrateful; but when was the spectacle presented by any other than a republic of a magnanimity which feeds and arms an enemy before fighting it? To preserve the singular beauty and consistency of this picture of progress, only one thing is needed—the immediate establishment of artillery depots on all the reservations, and a quarterly distribution of howitzers and bombs to every tribe that makes a peace-talk.

## A CONSPIRACY AGAINST SAHARA.

IT is the pleasing duty of the journalist to chronicle the advance of science. Does a scientific person blow himself up in his laboratory with some new explosive compound, the journalist joyfully places a full history of the event before his readers. Does a new bug of peculiar malevolence make his appearance in the Western wheat-fields, the public are at once introduced to the little stranger through the kind offices of the journalist whose proud privilege it is to interview him. The meetings of scientific societies, and the cheerful riots to which they frequently give rise; the adventures of bold explorers, who discover hitherto unknown countries, peopled by a new kind of cannibal, or who loose themselves so as to afford opportunities to enterprising journalists to send expeditions in search of them; the projects of enthusiastic geographers who are anxious to reconstruct the world according to their ideas, and make a really respectable place of it—all are chronicled with pride and pleasure by the intelligent journalist who believes in Science and Progress, and all the other nice things that begin with capital letters.

It is with the keenest pleasure, therefore, that we lay before our readers the project which the French Geographical Society has under contemplation in regard to the Desert of Sahara. It has long been felt by all scientific persons that there is something very wrong about Sahara. The trouble is not merely the sandy soil of the desert, which nourishes so few desirable bugs and such an objectionable abundance of lions. The Scientific Person, "whenever"—to quote the excellent Watts—"he takes his entomological walks abroad," never ventures so far as Sahara, and hence he neither covets its sparse bugs nor fears its irreverent lions. Neither is the desert the object of scientific dislike because of its dryness, since the Scientific Person is far too wise to go on exploring expeditions without a supply of scientific compounds in big bottles for strictly medicinal purposes. No; the real trouble with Sahara is its camels, which, so far from being adapted to the arid wastes of their native land, as the schoolbooks pretend, are so obviously out of place, in scientific estimation, that the French Geographical Society has decided that something ought to be done about it.

That well-behaved but rather humpy beast is, as is well known, built with his stomach divided into seven water-tight compartments, precisely like an ocean steamer. Now, the man of science delights to find an eternal and unvarying fitness in things. He asks himself why is this peculiar style of construction followed in the plan of the camel? He calls to mind that ships are built with water-tight compartments to guard them against sinking. He, therefore, decides from analogy that the camel's seven water-tight stomachs are designed for the same purpose. (Your Scientific Person can reason to any extent if you just give him an analogy or two and let him have plenty of room to expand his intellect.) But it is notorious that there is no water in the desert, and that the camel and his stomachs are thus sadly out of place. This being settled, the Geographical Society, anxious to put things in order and to relieve the camel from the stigma of carrying a lot of utterly useless stomachs, has determined to turn the desert into a sea.

This, it is claimed, will not be a difficult operation. The desert, at least in the neighborhood of Algiers, is said to be twenty-nine feet below the level of the Mediterranean. All, then, that is necessary is to cut a canal across the Barbary States, and to let the water flow through it. Sahara would then be turned into a great inland sea, and the universal fitness of things would no longer be marred by the



abundantly of a camel with water-tight internal compartments wandering over a desert without a particle of water. This project the society is now seriously discussing, and with every manifestation of a warm approval.

We can assure its members that if they undertake the plan of turning the Mediterranean Sea into a desert, they had better calculate the probable cost to themselves—not in money, but in their personal feelings and reputation. When the flood that will pour into the desert—if they carry out their designs—reaches Ujiji, and drowns Dr. Livingstone in the arms of the affrighted king, perhaps they will wish they had let the theory alone. When the same flood, sweeping down the continent, comes to Liberia, and overwhelms the imported colored person who is striving to Christianize the heathen African by selling him bad rum at a preposterous price, perhaps the wrath of the philanthropic world will convince the Frenchmen that they have made a mistake. And when they find that the result of filling the desert with water has been to empty the Mediterranean, and to leave the sardines to perish miserably, without the hope of oil, perhaps they will escape the vengeance of an outraged world—and perhaps they won't. We repeat that those French Scientific Persons had better proceed very slowly in this matter. Their views about the camel and their intentions towards him may be all right. Their motives in drowning Dr. Livingstone and other Africans may command our sympathies, but they will find that they cannot go around emptying oceans into convenient deserts without being held morally responsible for the damage that may ensue.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

The musquito-net business has been a net loss this year.

SAYS the editor of a new paper: "In the cause of truth and justice we will take a firm stand." That's right. Begin with the inkstand.

A MAN died in St. Louis last week, worth \$2,000,000; and it is asserted proudly by his mourning friends that he never swindled a trust company either.

THE Stokes-Fisk case has been revived by the newspapers in the interval between the last murder and the next one, as it was feared it was fading from memory.

If country editors are so much opposed to Congressional back-pay, we want to know why they dun their subscribers so constantly for their back-pay. Come, now!

THE baker's apprentice, who was caught lounging by his master, and compelled to get to work, consoled himself with the thought that even half a "loaf" was better than no bread.

NOTWITHSTANDING that he killed a traveling agent for a life insurance company, Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Elliot, Mo., comports himself as modestly as any of his neighbors who look up to him as a public benefactor.

It was an imprudent thing in some newspaper to publish the report that a boy in Indiana, aged twelve, achieved a pair of mustaches and whiskers by eating Indian turnips; for now all the adolescents of the country make regular meals on this aboriginal esculent, and it has gone up in price fearfully in consequence.

ABOUT fifty villages in Pennsylvania—not to count those in Massachusetts—preserve as sacred relics the identical press that Franklin worked on for twelve hours a day, when he was a young man. There are so many of this identical press, that the wonder is, outside of these villages, how Franklin found time to do anything but work.

ONE of the nice distinctions made by law was illustrated the other day, in our Court of Oyer and Terminer. A man had been committed to Blackwell's Island by a Police Justice, under the Habitual Criminals Act, for being "a notorious thief." He appealed to the higher Court to be released, on the ground, not that he was not a notorious thief—for that he admitted, "for the sake of argument," as one might say—but because, he contended, his case did not properly come under the definition of the law imprisoning habitual criminals. The Judge, after giving due consideration to the case, decided that the man's objections were well taken, and so he was compelled to give the aesthetic rascal his liberty.

THE lady in New Haven who was scalped by the machinery in the factory where she was employed, has had a novel experiment performed on her. In pity for her great loss, several of her female friends contributed small portions of their own cuticle, and these have been neatly stitched on by a surgeon, who gives her great hopes that they will grow together, and ultimately produce another crop of hair. It cannot be said, though, that just now she is an attractive-looking object, for her head resembles a section of one of those patchwork quilts that our grandmothers used to spend their leisure years in making. Although scalping has very often been performed with neatness and dispatch, transplanting hair has never, we believe, been tried successfully; and much interest is, consequently, felt by scientific men "on that head."

RAILROAD companies are accused of very often defeating persons who get damages against them, by carrying their cases from one Court to another, until the judgments are reversed. In a three-year-long suit just decided, in Massachusetts, against the Fitchburg Railroad Company, this plan of taking exceptions did not have the effect desired by the company, but on the contrary, quite the reverse. In 1870 a locomotive boiler exploded, severely injuring the engineer, who brought suit, and had \$4,000 damages awarded him. The Court set aside the verdict as being excessive. The case was again tried, and the plaintiff got \$5,375. This verdict was also set aside, and a third trial took place which lasted four days. The jury found for the engineer again, and fixed the damages at \$6,833.32. Then the case went up to the Supreme Court on exceptions; but there the exceptions were overruled, and the engineer will have the satisfaction of receiving nearly \$7,000, besides all his expenses, which must have been very great during this long fight. The decision is final, as there is no higher Court in this world to carry the case to.

#### THE STEPPES OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

IN southern Russia the steppes form so characteristic and so interesting a feature in the physical aspect of the country—as much so as the prairies of our Western States, and which, in fact, they much resemble—that we will give place to a general description of them here.

The steppes, as they are generally called, extend from the borders of Hungary to those of China. They constitute an almost uninterrupted plain, covered in Spring and Autumn by a luxuriant herbage; in Winter by drifting snows, heaped up in some places, and leaving the ground bare in others; and in Summer by clouds of dust so excessively fine, that even on the calmest day they hang suspended in the air, having the appearance rather of a vapor exhaled from the ground than of earthy particles raised by the agitation of the atmosphere. The slight undulations that occur assume rarely the character of hills, but artificial hillocks or tumuli are frequently met with, the origin of which it is impossible to trace through the darkness of bygone ages. The most singular characteristic, however, of the steppe, is the absence of trees, on a soil remarkable for its richness and the luxuriance of its herbage. For hundreds of miles, a traveler may proceed in a straight line without encountering even a bush, unless he happens to be acquainted with a few favored spots known to the Tartar sportsmen, to whom they answer the purpose of game-preserves. Countless herds of cattle roam over these noble pasture-grounds, on which a calf born at the foot of the Great Chinese Wall might eat his way along till he arrived a well-fattened ox on the banks of the Dniester, prepared to figure with advantage at the Odessa market! The poor animals suffer much during the hot and dry Summers, when every blade of grass is parched up; but the careful herdsman, who has provided himself with an abundant stock of hay, is able to keep his beasts alive till Autumn returns to gladden them with fresh abundance.

Wherever a ridge of hill occurs, of sufficient height to afford protection against the northern blasts that come sweeping in an unbroken course from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, the character of the country is changed. In the Crimea, for instance, though the northern portion partakes of all the rude characteristics of the steppe, the south coast, sheltered by the Central Mountains, enjoys a climate equal to that of Italy, and allows the vine and the olive to be cultivated with as much success as in Provence.

A country constituted by nature as are the Russian steppes is evidently destined rather for a wandering and pastoral people than for a settled and agricultural population; for in regions where but a few prominent objects occur there is but little to attach man to any particular spot. The Russian Government, however, has undertaken the task of converting the nomadic tribes into settled agriculturists, and the steppe itself into one vast grain-field. German and Bulgarian colonists have been tempted, by the offer of peculiar privileges, to establish themselves in different parts of the country, in the hope that their example might gradually wean the native tribes from their roving habits. Where the colonists have been located in the vicinity of large towns, the plan has been attended with partial success; but the foreigners soon discover the capabilities of the country, and in proportion as their means increase, rarely fail to invest their surplus capital in the purchase of flocks and herds, the numerical amount of which constitutes the customary standard by which wealth is estimated throughout the steppe.

The rivers which intersect the steppes, and which in Spring are swollen by the rapid thaw of the accumulated snows of Winter, cut deep furrows in the surface; and as they frequently change their courses, they occasionally leave dry ravines that break in some measure the uniformity of the country. Little importance would be attached, in other parts of the world, to the trifling elevations and depressions thus formed; but in the steppe, the slightest variation of surface becomes a landmark of importance, and separate denominations are given by the inhabitants to every peculiarity of shape which the ground is made to assume under the action of water.

Many of the rivers—indeed all but the principal streams—are fed only by the rain and snow, and their beds, consequently, are dry in Summer. Each of these ravines terminates in a waterfall, formed originally, no doubt, by the terrace that bounds the Black Sea, and which in some places rises to the height of one hundred and eighty feet above the water-level; but in proportion as the water wore away a channel for itself, the waterfall gradually receded, and in the course of ages made its way further and further into the interior of the country.

The elevation of the ground being so nearly alike throughout the whole of the steppe, the ravines formed by the action of the rain-water are of nearly equal depth in every part of the country. They are rarely less than a hundred feet deep, and seldom exceed a hundred and fifty. The ravines, or *ruipolotsh*, with their lateral branches on each side, as their edges are at all times exceedingly abrupt, offer to the traveler, as well as to the herdsman driving his lowing and bleating charge across the plain, an impassable barrier, to avoid which it is often necessary to go round for many miles. The consequence is that several roads or tracks are always sure to meet at the head of a *ruipolotsh*, which thus becomes a spot of some importance throughout the surrounding country. In Winter the ravine is usually filled by the drifting snow, and is then extremely dangerous to any one not well acquainted with the country. Men and cattle are at that season often buried in the snow-drifts, and their fate is ascertained only when the melting of the snow leaves their bodies exposed at the foot of the precipice.

#### POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

IT is in general causes that we find the guide to prophecy. Mr. Buckle attached so much importance to the physical conditions of a country, the food of a people, the air they breathe, the occupations which they are forced to follow, and the habits of thought which they display, that he undertook to tell the end of a nation from the beginning. Spain was no mystery to him when he remembered that it had originally been a country of volcanoes; that the people had consequently been filled with a dread of the unseen and inscrutable power which reveals itself in convulsions of the earth; that their diseased fear of shadowy influences made them resent the teachings of science, and hence left them an easy prey to the Holy Office and Ignatius Loyola when Luther, Calvin and Zwingle drew away from sacerdotalism all the Christianity of Northern Europe. There can be no doubt that Buckle's theory did rest on a basis of truth, and that it erred simply in trying to account for everything. In fact, it is not specially his doctrine, but simply the rigid and systematized application of a principle which is as old as speculative curiosity. We apply it every day of our lives. If a family goes into a badly drained house, we say the chances are that they will have typhus, diarrhea or cholera. If a rich and foolish young man bets largely on the turf, the probability is that he will be ruined. And the statistician comes to help us with a set of tables which throw an uncomfortable light on the mechanical character of those mental and moral processes which might seem to be determined by the unprompted bidding of our own wills. Mr. Buckle was no doubt beguiled by a mere dream.

It is impossible, however, to prophesy by rule, and such system-mongers as Mr. Buckle would be the most treacherous of all oracles. Their hard and fast canons will not bend into the subtle crevices of human life. Men who are so ostentatiously logical that they cannot do a bit of thinking without the aid of a huge apparatus of sharply cut principles always lack a keen scent for truth. They blunder by rule when less showy people find their way by mother-wit. Hence they are the worst of all prophets. It was not by counting up how many things tell in one way, and how many tell in another, that Heine and De Tocqueville were able to guess correctly what was coming, but by watching the chief currents of the age, or, as more homely folk would say, by finding out which way the wind was blowing. They had to decide which among many social, religious or political forces were the strongest, and which would be the most lasting. They had to give a correct decision as to the stability of particular institutions and the strength of popular passions. General rules could not be of much avail, and they had to rely on their knowledge of human nature, their acquaintance with the forces which have been at work in history, and their own sagacity. Most likely Heine could not have given such an explanation of the grounds on which he made his predictions as would have satisfied any average jury of historical students. But he could have said that he knew the working-men of Paris, that his power of poetic sympathy enabled him to see how their minds veered towards socialism, that he also knew what forces were on the side of order, and that a mental comparison of the two made him look with certainty to a ferocious outbreak of democratic passion. Being thus sure that the storm would come, he had next to ask himself which points the lightning would strike, and he looked for the most prominent symbols of kingship, wealth, refinement and military glory. The Tuileries would be a mark for the fury of the mob, because that was the place of the man who had destroyed the populace. The public offices must go, because they represented what the *bourgeois* called order and the workmen called tyranny. The Louvre must go, for the mere sake of maddening rich people, who took a delight in art. And the Vendôme Column must go, because it glorified the man who was the incarnation of the war-spirit, and who was consequently the worst foe of the working classes. To a Select Committee of the House of Commons such reasons would have seemed the dreams of a moon-struck visionary, and they certainly did not admit of being logically defended.

#### DENVER.

THE views are limited only by the curvature of the earth, such is the marvelous purity of the Colorado air, the effect at once of the distance from the sea and of the bed of limestone which underlies the Plains.

The site of Denver is heaven-blessed in climate as well as loveliness. The sky is brilliantly blue, and cloudless from dawn till noon. In the midday heats, cloud-making in the Sierra begins, and by sunset the snowy chain is multiplied a hundred times in curves of white and purple cumuli, while thunder rolls heavily along the range.

[From the New York Herald, Sept. 5th.]

#### CÆSARISM.

WHAT MR. FRANK LESLIE THINKS OF GRANT.

SOME SCATHING SCINTILLATIONS.

CÆSARISM AN IMPOSSIBILITY AS A PERMANENT INSTITUTION—PROBABILITY OF A WAR AS A MASK—A DELICATE ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SOLDIER PRESIDENT.

FOR the purpose of knowing what Mr. Frank Leslie thinks of Cæsarism, a representative of the *Herald* sought him yesterday, at his office, in the building corner of Pearl and Elm Streets, devoted to his publishing interests. Mr. Leslie was found at last in his own room, surrounded by an atmosphere redolent with artistic, editorial and reportorial ability. After the gentlemen of the pencil and the knights of the quill had retired, Mr. Leslie settled himself in his easy-chair and intimated that he was ready for the enemy to approach.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—I believe, Mr. Leslie, that you are somewhat interested in the question of Cæsarism?

MR. LESLIE—You are right, sir. Not only do I take a personal interest in the discussion, but I think my paper was among the foremost to agitate the question, and to call the attention of the American people to the breakers on which they were drifting.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Do you think, then, that Cæsarism is practicable?

THE PRACTICABILITY OF CÆSARISM.

MR. LESLIE—Yes; the people have become so disgusted with the effects of political agitation that they are absolutely lukewarm. The management of the national affairs being out of their hands, and in those of professional politicians, it is not strange that they are drifting under the shadow of a political tyranny.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—If this be so, must it not be admitted that the Republic is a failure?

MR. LESLIE—Not necessarily. While the political administration of the government may at times be a failure, the average political opinion of the masses is so honest and progressive, that in the end the character of republicanism is fostered and maintained rather than otherwise.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—If this is a true statement of the case, would not the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of an Empire be brought about only at the cost of blood?

MR. LESLIE—If Cæsarism should ever come to pass in America—of which there is only a possibility and not a probability—it would be brought about by just such acts as the Republican Party has been committing ever since it has been in power; and by such acts I mean those that we witnessed in New York, for instance, at the last election—arbitrary transactions which had no show of authority, such as invading the sanctity of homes, as was repeatedly done. I mean, also, such acts as we have witnessed in Louisiana, where the State government was trampled under foot and the Washington supremacy maintained.

AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

I mean such acts as are embraced in the appointment to office of men like Cramer, Babcock, Casey and others of that ilk. They are men who represent no party or political idea. They are but the arbitrary choice of one man. And when a party, like the Republican Party, being at any one time a large majority of the people, recognize the right of one man to violate all the traditions of political science and precedent, in appointing nonentities to office, that party and that majority are so far in favor of what is called Cæsarism, which is, in reality, but a classic expression for the one-man power.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Do you think, then, that the Louisiana troubles were but the first act in the Cæsar drama?

MR. LESLIE—I hardly think that Grant was following any fixed idea of his own at that time. It was an outburst of his own personal disposition. He thought he was master, not servant, of the people. He don't understand the meaning of representative government. He is naturally an arbitrary man, without ideas, and when such a man has great power there is no more dangerous combination. Time and temper suiting, and the people being quiet, he is unconsciously following his own bent. It is a habit with him to be a tyrant—not an idea.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Then you don't think that previous to the appearance of editorial articles in the *Herald* he had any idea of Cæsarism? Are there not men around him who whispered the idea to him?

THE MEN AROUND GRANT.

MR. LESLIE—I hardly think so. The men who immediately surround Grant are but enjoying temporary power, and, to tell the truth, they haven't brains enough to originate so stupendous an idea as Cæsarism. Each of his followers has some local power in view—Butler in Massachusetts, Morton in Indiana, Cameron in Pennsylvania. So long as they can feather their local nests they are satisfied with the party. They are not political geniuses, only political pap-eaters.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Do you think that there exists to-day in America any aristocratic class who would hail the banner of Cæsar with acclamation?

MR. LESLIE—The real aristocracy of America is not in favor, I think, of such an idea as Cæsarism. Being educated and refined, it has become distasteful to its members to mix in any political matters. They have no interest in them whatever. There may be a possibility of the shoddy people—those who made fortunes by furnishing "army beef" and "glue hats" to the soldiers in the field—coming out strong in favor of Cæsarism, for one reason—being common, they would be likely to be recognized by a common Cæsar.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Is not this apathy that you have mentioned of the socially influential classes dangerous?

MR. LESLIE—By all means. I hold that one of the greatest dangers to the Republic exists in the indifference with which her best citizens regard her affairs.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Do you not think that General Grant has a more imperial chance from the possession of purely negative qualities than from any other reason?

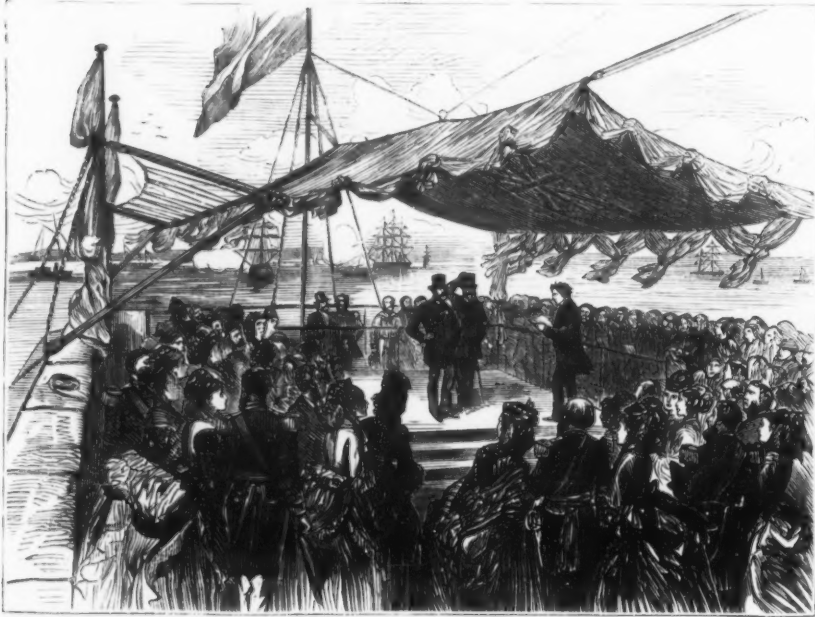
GRANT'S NEGATIVE CHARACTER.

MR. LESLIE—Yes. While Grant has busied himself about his own private affairs, he has allowed commercial and other money interests to gloat as they please. Money-makers, consequently, are satisfied with his non-interference. Had he been a genius—say, like Napoleon—he would have been in danger of assassination. If Lincoln had been a fool he would have been alive to-day.

(Continued on page 36.)



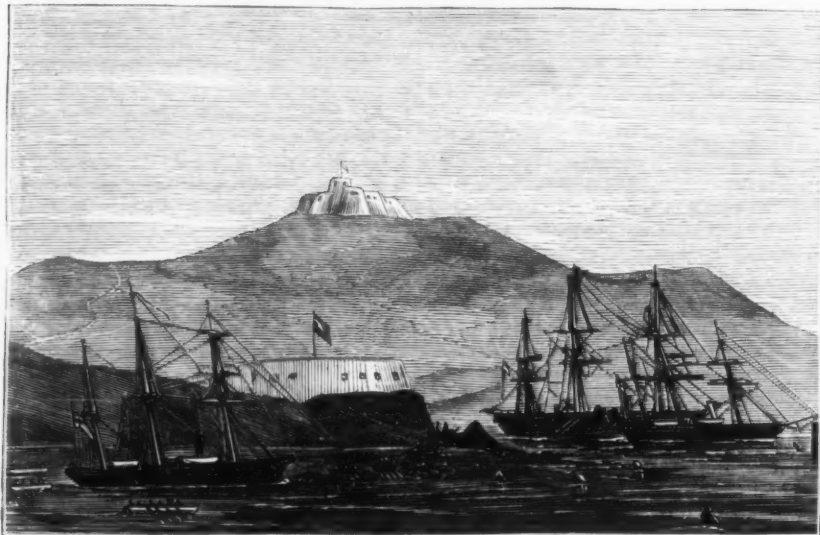
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 30.



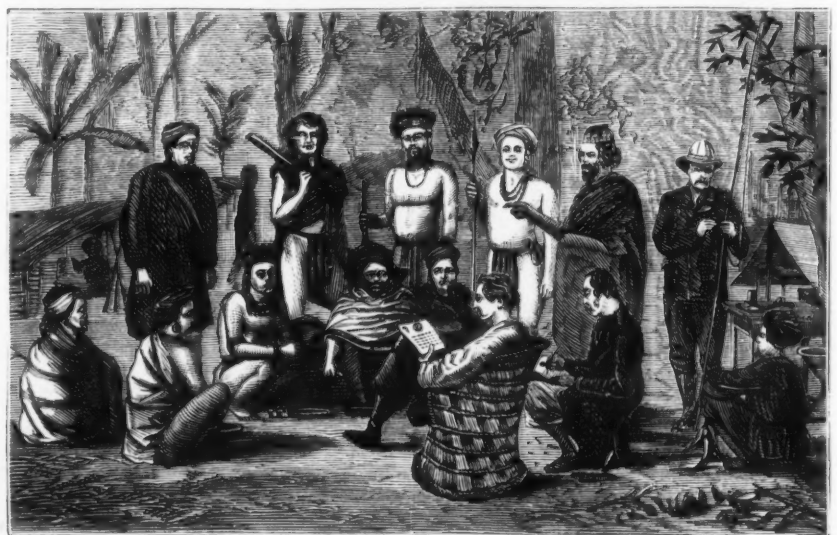
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATING THE HOLYHEAD BREAKWATER.



ENGLAND.—THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY—LONDONERS CAMPING OUT ON THE RIVERSIDE.



SPAIN.—CARTHAGENA—LANDING CREWS AT FORT NAVIDAD.



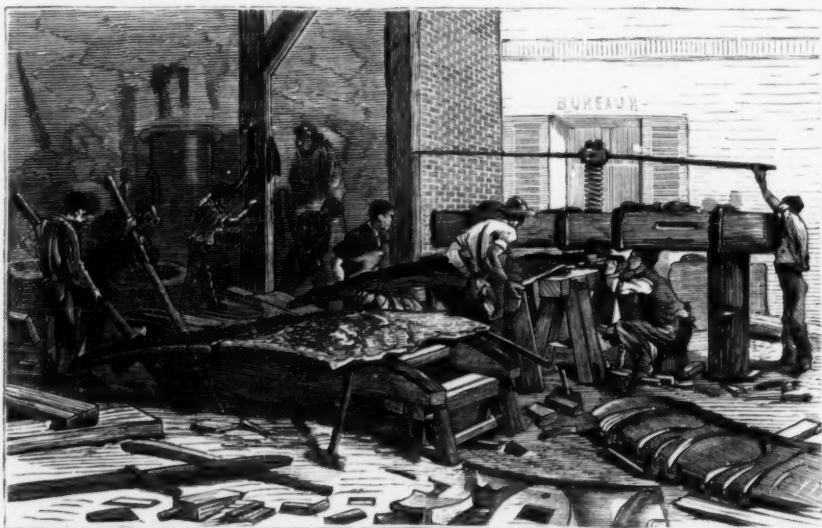
INDIA.—GARO CHIEFS, LATELY INDEPENDENT, TENDERING THEIR SUBMISSION TO BRITISH OFFICERS.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LONDONERS' AUTUMN TRIP—ON BOARD THE DUNDEE STEAMER.



SPAIN—ANDALUSIA.—TRANSPORTING TROOPS BY TRAIN.



PARIS.—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE COLUMN VENDÔME.



WALES.—THE HOLYHEAD MARKET—SCENE DURING THE INAUGURATION.





JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR.

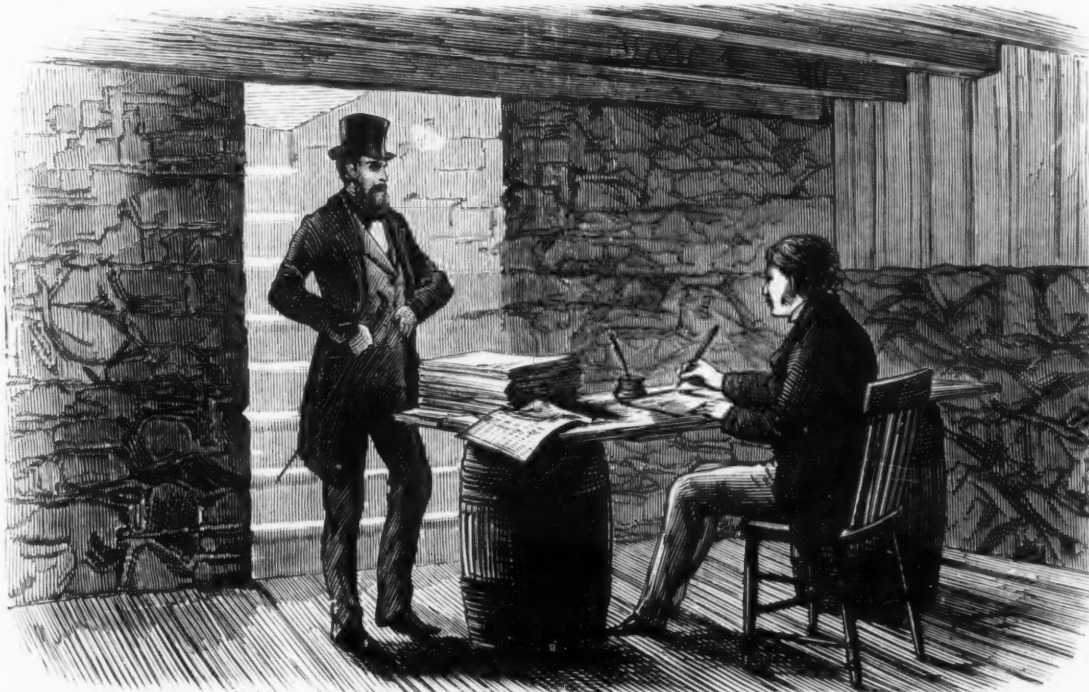


JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR.

# HERALD HISTORY— 1835 TO 1873.

THE first number of the *Herald* was issued on the 6th of May, 1835, from a little basement room, No. 20 Wall Street, New York. The title of the firm publishing the paper was James Gordon Bennett & Co., the Company consisting of two young printers named Anderson and Smith.

The first number was a sheet ten by fourteen inches in size, containing twelve columns of reading matter and four columns of advertisements, and was sold for one cent. The idea in view in establishing the paper was fully set forth in an editorial, the spirit of which will be seen from the following extract: "In *débuts* of this kind many talk of principle—political principle—party principle, as a sort of steel trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood on this point, and, therefore, openly disclaim all steel traps, all principle, as it is called, all party, all politics. Our only guide shall be good, sound, practical common sense, applicable to the business and the bosoms of men engaged in everyday life. We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or *coterie*, and care nothing for any election or any candidate, from President down to constable. We shall endeavor to print facts on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments where



THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE "HERALD," NO. 20 WALL STREET.

the whole Party Press of the country—the politicians, the clergy, and mountebanks and demagogues generally. Instead of injuring the *Herald*, this war greatly helped it, for it constantly gained in circulation and influence. Mr. Bennett was personally assaulted several times, sued for libel, challenged to fight duels, and subjected to insults of the most flagrant character. But he braved them all, and came out victorious. On the 3d of June, 1840, in the midst of the fight, the *Herald* announced its circulation as 51,000 copies daily and weekly. This was victory enough to Mr. Bennett's mind; and before many years had passed, he had the satisfaction of writing the obituary notices of the majority of the newspapers that had warred on him.

In 1841-2, Major Noah, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions, instituted two suits against the *Herald* for libel. The case came up in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, February 9th, 1842, when Judge Noah stated that he was perfectly willing that a *nolle prosequi* should be entered in both cases. The *Herald* gained a peace; but it was temporary. In 1844 Archbishop Hughes began a controversy against Mr. Bennett upon the School Question, his letters being addressed to Colonel Stone. The editor was denounced in unmeasured terms, but replied in a calm, dispassionate tone to all the distinguished prelate's arguments. The only visible effect

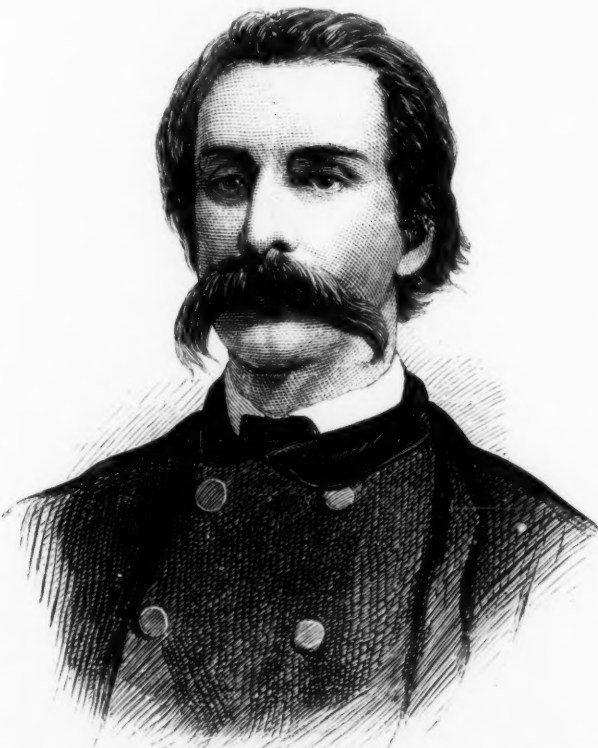
establishment. A few months after the enlargement, the success of the paper was so great that the price was raised from a penny to two cents per copy. The circulation of the paper at this time was 20,000 copies a day. The raising of the subscription price added \$1,000 a week to Mr. Bennett's profits; and in announcing this fact he says: "With this sum I shall be enabled to carry into effect prodigious improvements, and make the *Herald* the greatest, best and most profitable paper that ever appeared in this country." How good a prophet Mr. Bennett was is attested by the *Herald* of the present day.

The *Weekly Herald* was issued in December, 1836, and with it was begun the summary of news, which the editor afterwards introduced into the daily issue. The other papers followed in the wake of the *Herald* in its news summary—but recently the *Herald* has abolished the custom.

The year 1837 found the *Herald* making money rapidly, and its proprietor spending the same just as rapidly in improvements. The collection and publication of shipping news, now as important a feature of a newspaper as the money article, was inaugurated.

The Canadian Rebellion of 1838 afforded an opportunity for the *Herald* to issue its first double sheet: to begin the publication of maps and pictorial illustrations of important and interesting events, and to present in full the speeches of the great statesmen of the day—Webster, Calhoun and Clay. During the same year Mr. Bennett began extensive arrangements for European correspondence, and to-day it is a common saying that you can find a *Herald* man in every nook and corner of the earth. In 1839 the *Herald* inaugurated the custom of reporting the proceedings of the religious anniversary meetings held annually in New York City. Strangely enough, this met with great opposition from the clergy and the "Religious Press," who denounced Mr. Bennett, and tried to stop him. But, of course, their opposition amounted to naught, and the wisdom of Mr. Bennett in the matter will not now be questioned. The printing of the sermons of the leading clergymen of the city, which is now a great feature of the *Herald* of Mondays, was not begun until 1844.

In 1840, after the Harrison campaign, the *Herald* got into a terrific war with the other newspapers on the score of independence in journalism. Its striking out right and left at everything and everybody in the wrong, and in defending what it considered right, brought out a fight against it from



FREDERICK HUDSON.



THOMAS B. CONNERY.



of this battle of words was an increased circulation of the journal.

In 1847 Mr. Bennett, believing that the system of accompanying advertisements with illustrations was unfair to patrons not pictorially represented, ordered that henceforth there should be no more advertising cuts or picture displays in the *Herald*.

In 1852 an attempt was made to destroy the *Herald*, and with it the fearless proprietor. On the 18th of October a parcel was left at the office, addressed to Mr. Bennett, and marked, "Private, and with care." Just above the direction were the words, "Native silver and copper ore from the Cuba mountains, with letter inside the box." An enameled card affixed to the box bore the name of Señor V. Alcazar. There were other mysterious marks which showed clearly that the originator of the murderous attempt was determined that no one but Mr. Bennett should open the box. A close examination was made, however, in time to frustrate the outrageous design, and the box found to contain fine rifle and fulminating powder.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the *Herald* appeared as a quadruple sheet, a form made necessary by the wonderful increase of its advertising patronage. It had long since been determined to allow no editorial advertisements. The entire matter for the extra pages were fresh every day. Two years later, and on the day following the thirty-sixth anniversary of its foundation—May 7th—another feature was introduced, viz.: "Directory for Advertisers," in which reference was made to the page location of all advertisements, arranged by their class.

"For the 'Personals' it is claimed that by them members of families long separated have been brought together; wandering children have been restored to their parents or friends; foreign estates have found their rightful owners; and vital information conveyed from one person to another when for political or other reasons greater publicity was entirely out of the question.

It is stated that General Scott ascribed as one of the causes of his Presidential defeat the opposition of the *Herald*, and to that paper is due also to say that it succeeded in showing the weakness of Pierce. During the rebellion of 1861-65, the resources of the *Herald* were tested to their utmost, and in all cases they were proven ample and perfect. A tent and wagon and corps of correspondents were seen with every branch of the great Union army, while from the Confederate side came intelligence that must have occasioned surprise below Mason and Dixon's line.

In making brief allusion to the working properties and forces of such an immense establishment, the employment of steam-yachts—first used in 1867—must not be overlooked, for their usefulness in gathering marine intelligence is of remarkable scope.

The general policy of the *Herald* may be condensed into six distinctive points—the Constitution and prosperity of the United States under all circumstances; the growth and prosperity of the city of New York; to give all the news freshly, fully, and faithfully, from all parts of the world; to comment clearly, freely and independently on the events of the world as they daily develop themselves; to sustain every enterprise that would elevate the human race, and unite all the nations in commerce and civilization; and to make the *Herald* a cosmopolitan journal *par excellence*.

With such a broad, comprehensive platform, and with the fullest possible material for securing these ends, the success of the journal has been such as could follow only a masterly enterprise.

#### JAMES GORDON BENNETT, THE ELDER.

The founder of the New York *Herald* was born at Keith, Scotland, near the close of the last century, and he died in 1872. He was nineteen years of age when he came to America, and he was penniless. He early became a journalist, and was at one time the chief writer for the *Courier and Enquirer*. His political preferences were always Democratic. His scholarship was profound; he was a student of political economy; and popular as the *Herald* always was in its tone, it was based upon closely reasoned principles. Indeed, Bennett was the one man in America who had a defined philosophy of journalism.

Men have often compared Bennett with Voltaire; and the comparison is a happy one. Bennett was philosophical and witty; he was enthusiastic and satirical. If we were to name the three modern masters of satire, we should say Swift, Voltaire and Bennett. What people most overlook in Bennett is his power in what is usually called mere writing. In clearness of composition he could rival Macaulay. The first number of the *Herald*, a *fac-simile* of which we present to our readers this week, contains specimens of the very best writing. It is also the beginning of real journalism.

#### JAMES GORDON BENNETT, THE YOUNGER.

The present editor and proprietor of the *Herald*—his father's only son—is about thirty-two years of age. When he was only a child he used to answer those who asked him who he was, by saying that he was "Young Bennett;" and by that name he has been known ever since. He was carefully educated, mostly by private tutors; and his father prepared him for journalism. When Frederick Hudson retired from the managing editorship, in 1867, young Bennett took his place; and we remember that the first impression he gave to one dealing with him, was the promptitude of his judgment. He decided quickly. He was always abreast of every popular movement. It was a matter of curiosity among men how he could sail yachts, shoot game, and be one of the most skillful of sparrers, while editing so vast a journal as the *Herald*. The secret was in his aptitude for quick work. He always carried his subjects with him to his office; and he has been known to go into the *Herald* building at two o'clock in the morning and arrange a subject covering a page of next day's issue. While in Europe he uses the telegraph constantly, and will give from Paris to-day the editorial subjects for to-morrow's paper, with their manner of treatment. The formidable articles on Cæsarism were of his planning, while in the South of France, on a yachting cruise. The *Livingstone Expedition* was the result of an evening's attendance at a Paris theatre. The Vienna cable correspondence was planned over his coffee. The man has marvelous energy. He is not what one would call a student. He executes as fast as he plans. He is full of physical life; and, probably, the most brilliant enterprises of the *Herald* are the results of good health. It is said of him that when a boy at Paris he had a German tutor who was so visionary and dry that Bennett went out one morning and bought nine dogs to scamp with after study hours. His enterprises to-day have a touch of his physical quality.

The *Livingstone Expedition* was the ambition of a man who, if he had had time, would have gone himself. The discussion of Cæsarism was an idea of

physics in politics. If Bennett had been a mere philosopher he would never have got further from Cæsar than Brutus. If he had been only a scholar he might have been still studying the text of "Julius Cæsar" in Shakespeare. He is a journalist, and has got as far as Grant.

#### FREDERICK HUDSON.

Mr. Hudson was born in Massachusetts about the year 1819. Bennett first found him a subordinate in an agency for mercantile news, and engaged him on the early *Herald*. There he remained until he was succeeded by the younger Bennett. Hudson was a great organizer of reporters. He had a keen eye for news, and knew how to get it. During Bennett's time he was probably the most active and practical newspaper man in America. He had the faculty of taking a hint of Bennett's and speedily executing its details. Though a strong man—resembling one of a handsome French hussar—his health gave way, and in 1867 he undertook a journey through Europe, and on his return he retired to a small farm at Concord, Mass. On the death of Raymond he was offered the editorship of the *Times*, but he refused it, because he did not like to be engaged on a paper opposed to the *Herald*. A year ago he completed his "History of Journalism in America," which has had a great sale, and has been the subject of much discussion in the newspapers.

#### THOMAS B. CONNERY.

Mr. Connery is a graduate of Fordham College, and is a son of the once prominent Coroner Connery, of New York City. He is Mr. Bennett's chief executive officer. He began life on the *Herald* as a police reporter, and in time became the efficient head of the *Herald* Bureau at Washington. Afterwards he came to New York. His forte is his ability to carry out the details of Mr. Bennett's plans; and, during the absence of that gentleman, he has entire charge of the *Herald*. One of the most modest and retiring men on the Press, he is little known outside of his own office. There he is rigid in his rules, strict in his estimate of men and their work, a manager of indomitable industry, and a thorough "Herald man." Socially he is much liked, and probably has not an enemy in his office. Had he wished, he might have been much talked of in newspaper circles. Had his superior officer been less a genius, he would have been famous anyway. But he is one of those rare journalists who find their compensation in their ability to do their work well; and, perhaps, the compensation is better than fame.

#### HARVEST.

THE golden sunset gleams athwart the corn,  
The crimson blush of eve is in the west;  
The reaper homeward whistles from his toil,  
And on the earth is stamped the seal of rest.

Low bends the bearded barley in the breeze,  
White with the kisses of the harvest queen;  
The oats quake tremulous, and on the sea  
The still, pure Autumn sky reflects its sheen.

The yellow plums hang mellow on the tree,  
The blue-bloomed damsons gleam amid the leaves,  
The rose-tinted peach clings nestling to the wall,  
And jocund gleaners roam amid the sheaves.

Spirit of Harvest! wake our grateful hearts,  
To raise glad anthems to His earnest praise,  
Reaper of all—Him who alone can give  
Sweet hopeful seed-time, golden harvest days!

#### MISS RUE.

BY  
ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

WE were sitting on the upper piazza—father, Nemour, and I—the river flowing broadly before us, the fresh air coming up, salt and strong, from Hampton Roads. The New York steamer went by, going into Norfolk, and then the great swells made by her paddles began pressing in-shore and breaking upon the sand. I watched them through the haze of Nemour's cigar—listened to them through the sound of father's discussion on Southern politics.

"Papa," said I, irreverently, "when do you think she'll come?"  
Papa stopped at the word "reconstruction."  
"Who, Pussy?"  
"Miss Rue."

"You may expect her any time, Slippers. She may come to-night. You'd better have supper late. As I was saying, Nemour, the Southern people—"

I slipped away. I went into the kitchen and told Queen Victoria (our cook) that we would not have supper served until a possible traveler had had time to come from the city: to make some fresh tea and slice some cold chicken.

For once in the world things happened as they were expected to. A carriage rolled into the yard—a lady stepped to the ground.

Well, papa's deceased partner's daughter, Miss Rue, was a beauty. With her mass of golden hair, her rose-and-lily face, her gorgeous figure, she was affluently lovely. I was quite awed by her appearance, but she seemed a source of inspiration to the gentlemen. I never knew them half so entertaining.

It was kind of an enchanted evening as she sat among us upon the piazza, the evening dress of pale blue silk she had donned shimmering in the warm twilight, a magnolia rose she had placed among the lilies at the throat surrounding her with its sweetness. She was animated, entertaining, full of fresh gossip, and we had been very quiet so long. Why, I had quite forgotten how delightfully Nemour could laugh.

To be sure we had found our Southern life no laughing matter. The market had been overcrowded by more extensive fruit-growers, though tons of our grapes purged upon their poles, and we had acres of strawberries and orchards of pears. We were counted out—one, at least, too many; and it was a bitter disappointment to father, and to my future husband—Nemour St. Jean.

We, the Amberleys, were distantly connected with the St. Jean family, and three years before, Nemour and I had become engaged. But I was very young, only eighteen, and papa had advised us to wait a little, Nemour and he being in business together, and considering that unfortunately fatal move to the South. But the disappointment had grown an old story, and now—now Miss Rue had come.

She descended to breakfast in a white linen wrapper, a bunch of pink and white beach-flowers at the belt—her eyes, refreshed by rest, as blue as *lapis lazuli*. Again the animation broke forth; she praised Queen Victoria's cooking, and papa related my culinary struggles before the family had consented to the advent of a negro cook and resigned

themselves to hockeys and bacon and cabbage as staple articles of food. Though it wasn't as bad as that, for I could, and did, make cream biscuits beautifully, and prepared deviled crab to perfection, papa confirmed.

After breakfast we went out to look at the Spanish bayonets, which had blossomed, and then Cato brought the buggy around and the gentlemen went in town.

Now, I was a little thing, and hadn't the least bit of confidence or dignity, and it was a great relief to find that Miss Rue didn't expect it of me, but directly called me "Nelly," and prepared to entertain herself at the piano.

But one, two, three weeks passed, and I didn't feel the least bit acquainted with her.

She appeared to be ten years older than I, in mind and manner, though she was not more than half that my senior; and I knew sometimes that she was actually talking down to me kindly.

She didn't do that with the others, for papa was fond of an argument, and they used to talk over my head for hours together. Nemour never entered upon discussions, but he seemed to get acquainted with her directly, and they soon established an actual intimacy.

One day it struck me into a great blank to think that he cared more for her than for me.

Very soon after this I had chills and fever, and was confined to my room three weeks. Papa was anxious about me, because I never had been very strong. He could not spare his little "Slippers," as he called me (for the steps I had taken for him since I had been his housekeeper), and watched over me day and night. There was one other who should have showed solicitude, yet, alas! Nemour's voice went under my windows, and I knew who else was in the boat as I listened to the splash of the oars—but he never came to kiss me in those dreary weeks.

Miss Rue came in sometimes and asked leave to do something for me; was, indeed, faultlessly kind; but her presence fevered and distressed me.

She was to stay all Winter, because papa was attending to some business for her, and it was better to have her by. How I shuddered as I looked forward to that Winter, and anticipated the blow which I felt must come.

I came down at last on papa's arm. And there was Nemour and Miss Rue sitting cozily in the breakfast-room, and talking about the Elgin Marbles. I turned giddy and white as a ghost. They all looked round me, and Nemour (from pity and remorse, I felt,) kissed my hair and wasted bits of hands. I was dumb and unresponsive. How could they all seem so glad, I wondered, and such a wrong going on!

At breakfast it came out that papa wanted to go North to attend to lands he owned there, and that Miss Rue was to go with him, to visit her friends in that locality; that both were to return in a fortnight.

Oh, if she would go, and never come back! I thought. My heart ached miserably. It was of no use for Nemour to seem so glad to see me again; I knew it all for a miserable sham. I could not expect him to love me when she was by—poor, plain child that I was—and yet, and yet he was so precious to me that a very colossal passion racked me when I tried to give him to her. Oh, I knew that I loved him—loved him—so purely, so truly! and he was my *all*. She must have others—dozens of suitors for her lily hand.

But she went away, and if I had not known—oh! if I had not known—I should have thought that he never had loved her—that he loved me.

I could not speak her name. I never mentioned it to him.

That fortnight, it went by like a flash of light. "Nelly, I'll go into town and meet them, I think," said Nemour, when he told me that the steamer had come in.

I heard, and then—well, I was not strong after my illness, and my heart was breaking. Down upon my knees I went, begging, beseeching, praying him not to leave me for her.

"Why, Nelly!—why, my dear little Nelly!" he stammered, amazed.

And then a carriage drove into the yard.

They had come. I stood up to meet them—to gaze bitterly upon Miss Rue's beauty.

She came in upon papa's arm. He looked so proud, so glad, she had so sweet an aspect!

"Mrs. Amberley," said papa, presenting her.

She was my father's wife!

I let somebody kiss me. I was too stunned for any demonstration.

By-and-by I stared at Nemour. He looked pleased. He was laughing and smiling as no man with a sorrowful heart could do. When we were alone, I whispered:

"Dear, did you know?"

"Not a bit of it," he answered, brightly. "They pulled the wool over my eyes completely."

No disappointed man could speak like that.

I began to feel a little foolish. I went away, and got papa into a corner after a while.

"Why didn't you tell your Slippers?" I began, reproachfully.

"My dear, I was afraid you didn't like her. I have been miserable about you ever since she has been here. You *have* had something on your mind, Nelly; the doctor tells me so."

"Papa—oh, papa! I have been so foolish. I thought Nemour was in love with her!"

"Why he wasn't I don't know, excepting that when you are as miserable as you can be about things, they never turn out as badly as they might."

#### CÆSARISM.

(Continued from page 25.)

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—In your opinion has Grant any personal idea of Cæsarism?

MR. LESLIE—I don't think that General Grant ever had, or ever will have, an idea. He is merely floating on the tide, and the tide of Republicanism is setting towards Cæsarism; but it will be arrested by a counter-current in the next two years. The opportunity of Cæsarism is in the sectionalization of the Union. There is a New England temper, a Western temper (Grantism,) a Southern temper (apathy,) and a Middle State temper (commercialism.) All these are gradually being united, and when they are wholly so, Cæsarism is an impossibility.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Admitting, just for the sake of argument, that Cæsarism will be possible, do you think that the South will shake hands with an Emperor in preference to the President produced by a Northern party?

#### THE SENTIMENT SOUTH.

MR. LESLIE—No; the South is sentimental. That is, the old element is so; the new element is practical. As the old sentimentalism has lost slavery as an object, it will in time take hold of political science. The educated part of the South is really more disposed towards Socialism than any other section of the country.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Were an Empire once established, would it be possible to wield this

immense country from one centre, say, like Washington?

MR. LESLIE—No. The different sections of the country would disintegrate themselves from the Union. A central government in this country can never, of itself, wield military power. The area is too great. In fact, Cæsarism means consequent secessionism.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Will the steps towards Cæsarism be gradual?

#### HOW IT WILL BE DONE.

MR. LESLIE—If Cæsarism comes at all it will come by using Congress as a tool. But Cæsarism wouldn't last six months. Roman Cæsarism was a power, with a popular sentiment behind it. There is none in this case. No one personally likes Grant. He is good enough, but not the kind of a man to gain the love of the people. I do not fear his becoming an emperor. Exaggerations of popular sentiment always correct themselves, and the popular apathy which makes Cæsarism possible will correct itself, as I have said, within two years.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Were Grant disposed to try a *coup d'état*, could he count on the army?

#### THE ARMY.

MR. LESLIE—Yes, the army always flourishes in an empire. Napoleon became an emperor with the aid of his soldiers; Cæsar wielded imperial powers from the same reason. The course of instruction at West Point tends to produce military martinetes, and not men with any idea of political justice. When the army is appealed to it will be a mere question of personal probabilities; it will decide for the empire because the empire will need it, and will, consequently, take care of it. But there is not much of an army, and you need not fear that. It is the politician's army you must fear.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Is it probable that Grant, admitting that he means Cæsarism, will endeavor to mask his purpose by the glory of a war?

MR. LESLIE—I think that the purpose of the Administration is to make war with the neighboring countries, and naturally with Mexico; and also that Belknap's visit to Texas and Mackenzie's raid were but feints, to test the military enthusiasm of the people. General Grant evidently means to retain his power at home by being considered the only soldier who can wage war abroad.

HERALD REPRESENTATIVE—Is there any remedy that you have to propose for this threatened evil of Cæsarism?

#### THE REMEDY.

MR. LESLIE—I would propose a strict civil service. When a man is appointed to an office he should not be removed without cause; and if one man is removed for cause, his successor should not have the power to remove his subordinates without cause. Then the great army of office-holders would have no personal, bread-and-butter interest in the President of the United States.

At this point Mr. Leslie was called away, and the reporter withdrew.

#### THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

THE GRAND WIND-UP OF THE SEASON.

SARATOGA, September 12th, 1873.

THOSE people who crowded the fashionable hotels of Saratoga during the months of July and August, and who hurried home at the first approach of a genuine Fall breeze, missed the greatest treat of the season, when they failed to see the Regatta of the Amateur Oarsmen, on Saratoga Lake, on last Thursday and Friday. Of course no one will attempt to detract from the great medicinal qualities of the Congress water, the excitement of the running races, or any of the ordinary attractions of this great national summer resort, but your correspondent cannot help reaching the conclusion that henceforth the Lake Regattas will be one of the leading features of the place. The last few years show that rowing promises to be the chiefest of the many sports in which our young men indulge for physical development. The great trouble with our many games, such as base-ball, cricket, etc., is that they fall into the hands of professionals, who appear only for money, and even were it otherwise, the advantage they have is so great, that for amateurs to compete with them would be simply folly. So the Saratoga Rowing Association, fully alive to the condition of affairs, have determined to make Saratoga Lake the great National Rowing Regatta ground. Heretofore professionals have held full sway, because they knew that the Lake affords one of, if not the best, rowing courses in American waters. But now the Saratoga Association have determined that the amateurs shall not be debarred from the enjoyment of the Lake course.

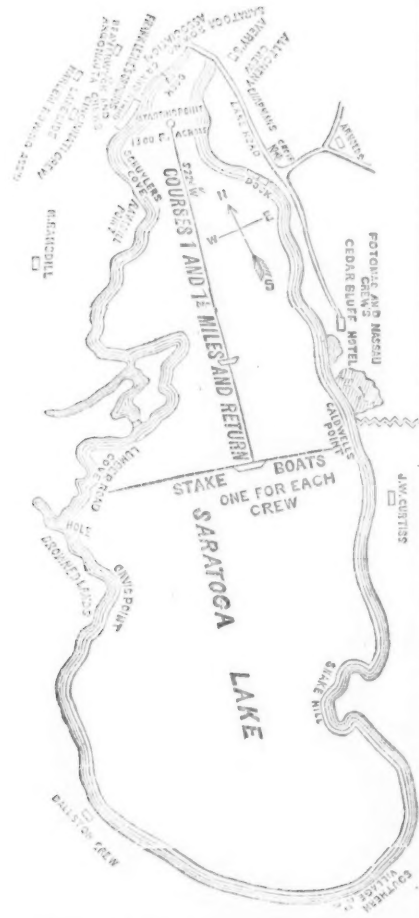
They got up the regatta of Thursday and Friday last, to prove that what they undertook could be carried out successfully, and that it was, no one who was present will attempt to deny. Invitations were sent to all the amateur rowing clubs of the country and Canada, and they were responded to with a cordial will, as there were present clubs from Michigan, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Washington and Canada, besides those from our own State and our border State of New Jersey. At least \$5,000 were spent in procuring prizes, and about as much more in completing details for the comfort of the oarsmen and the spectators.

Saratoga Lake is one of the prettiest sheets of water on the American Continent. About nine miles in length, and averaging three miles in width, with its gentle, rippling waves clear as a crystal, deep and free from shoals and currents, surrounded by beautiful fields under cultivation, with here and there a skirt of woods or a grove of pines and sycamores sloping gradually down to the water's edge from an altitude of at least five hundred feet, what could be more picturesque and lovely than this spot? Nature has done everything for the place, and now let man do his share. Mr. Frank Leslie, the first time he beheld the lake and its surroundings, charmed with its beauty, determined to make it the site of his country home. Accordingly, he purchased grounds on either side of the lake, giving him a frontage on the lake opposite his residence of about two miles. About a fourth of a mile west of Lake Saratoga is another small sheet of water, on the grounds of Mr. Leslie, known as Lake Lonely. This is skirted by woods and meadows, picturesque and wild. Mr. Leslie has added to the beauty of the spot by laying out walks, bridging numerous rivulets, putting here and there a Summer arbor, and many other little additions pleasing to people of taste and culture. Interlaken is the name Mr. Leslie has given his place, as it lies between the two lakes, Saratoga and Lonely.

Mr. Leslie's country home is still in embryo, but by another year it will be well on to completion. He has completed a coach-house, barn and stable on a plan of his own, the like of which is not equaled in this country. His residence is to be built on a steep bluff at the northwest end of Lake Saratoga. This bluff is about seventy-five feet above the level of the lake. It runs down



almost perpendicularly to about thirty feet of the lake, making an esplanade along the edge of the lake over six hundred feet long. On this esplanade, by Mr. Leslie's permission, was erected the Grand Stand, from which the great mass of people viewed the regatta. From this point a full view of the race-course could be had, from the starting-point, a hundred yards above, to the buoys, a mile down. Directly opposite, on a neck of land known as Point Breeze, a portion of Mr. Leslie's property, was afforded another fine opportunity of a good and full view of the race.



SARATOGA LAKE.—COURSE OF THE REGATTA RACES.

So the reader will see, from the description of Lake Saratoga and its surroundings, that Nature alone has given it every advantage for the making of the best rowing course in America.

The weather was perfectly delightful on both days of the race. It could not possibly have been better. How foolish people are to leave Saratoga before September, which is the most delightful month of the year!

On Thursday, the first day of the races, by three o'clock the Grand Stand was crowded, and the front of the lake was lined with people. Everybody seemed in good humor, the ladies especially taking an active part in betting boxes of candy, kid gloves, neck-ties, etc., on their favorite oarsmen.

The first race was a single-scutt shell, the prize being a grand challenge cup and diamond badge. There were ten entries, and they were arranged in the following positions:

Position.	Oarsmen.	Club.	Weight.
1—C. E. Courtney	.....	Union Springs	170
2—T. R. Keator	.....	Harlem	169
3—H. S. Truax	.....	Potomac	142
4—Robert Leffman	.....	Atlantic	136
5—F. E. Yates	.....	Grand Haven	135
6—W. H. Hughes	.....	Friendship	147
7—James Wilson	.....	Beaverwyck	160
8—Charles Piepenbrink	.....	Mutual	127
9—A. A. Graves, Jr.	.....	Beaverwyck	151
10—M. J. Fenton	.....	Mutual	161

The brothers Lambe were to have rowed in this race, but, on the day before leaving Toronto, both their single shells were damaged, so that they had to be left behind.

All started, but Mr. Fenton, No. 10, only rowed a few strokes and then retired, as he was unwell. Mr. C. E. Courtney, of the Union Springs Club of Cayuga Lake, won easily in 14:15; Keator, of Harlem, second, time, 14:56; Yates, third, 14:58; Wilson, fourth, 15:01; Piepenbrink, fifth, 14:58; sixth, Truax, seventh; Leffman, eighth; and Graves last.

The pair-oared shell followed. The prize was two silver goblets. The entries were: Nassau Boat Club, of New York, Oliver T. Johnson, stroke; Frank Brown, bow. Argonaut, of Toronto, Canada, R. Lambe, stroke; H. Lambe, bow.

The Argonauts won easily in 15m. 43s. The time of the Nassaus was 16m. 18s.

Everybody was pleased, and as the sun was fast disappearing behind the hills, the throngs began rapidly to return to their homes.

The races of Friday were equally as successful as those of the previous day. The weather was splendid and the spectators numerous.

The three races were dispatched in less than two and a half hours, and everybody was back in town before six o'clock.

#### THE SINGLE-SCUTT RACE

for all who have never rowed for a championship cup was started promptly at three o'clock.

The following were the entries, with the positions of the oarsmen:

Position.	Oarsmen.	Club.
1—F. E. Yates	.....	Grand Haven
2—T. R. Keator	.....	Harlem
3—A. A. Graves, Jr.	.....	Beaverwyck
4—J. H. Girvin	.....	Beaverwyck
5—K. B. Hauser	.....	Cincinnati
6—J. C. Sweeney	.....	Friendship
7—Robert Leffman	.....	Atlantic

Number 7, Mr. Leffman, was sick, and so did not row. The race was a very spirited one and was won by T. R. Keator, of the Harlem Club. He led from the start. Hauser, of the Cincinnati Club, withdrew before he had gone a hundred yards, and Sweeney, of the Friendship, capsize his boat. Yates, after rounding the stake-boat, gave up the race, so that Keator, Girvin and Graves were the only contestants. The time was as follows: Keator,

16m. 20sec. Graves, 17m. 20sec. Girvin, 17m. 30sec. The second race, a double-scutt, had the following entries:

Position.	Club.	Oarsmen.	Weight.	Height.
1—Argonaut	.....	R. Lambe	190	6 0
	.....	H. Lambe	149	5 10
2—Beaverwyck	.....	James Wilson	160	5 10
	.....	W. R. Hiles	137	5 8

From the fact that the brothers Lambe won so easily on Thursday much interest was lost in the race. But it proved to be very interesting, for although the Canada Club had all the prestige of victory, the Albany boys seemed determined to make a fight for the prize. They did splendidly, though the victory went to Canada. The time was, Argonaut, 14m. 35 sec.; Beaverwyck, 14m. 50 sec. So the Canada boys take the two silver cup prizes to Canada for good, as they are not subject to challenge.

The third and last race proved to be the most interesting of the day. The prizes were a grand challenge cup and four goblets, for four-oared shells, distance of three miles. The entries were as follows:

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
1—Cincinnati	.....	D. Brown, stroke	128
	.....	J. W. Kirk, 2	128
	.....	H. Keyish, 3	123
	.....	K. B. Hauser, bow	110

Paper boat, built by Waters & Co. Colors, blue breeches and red shirts.

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
2—Duquesne	.....	F. Brennan, stroke	145
	.....	S. Moody, 2	134
	.....	G. Scharf, 3	145
	.....	J. Straub, bow	126

Boat of red cedar, built in Pittsburgh. Colors, blue shirts.

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
3—Argonaut	.....	F. C. Eldred, stroke	155
	.....	M. Phillips, 2	160
	.....	H. Stephenson, 3	150
	.....	Edward Smith, bow	135

Boat of red cedar, by George Rohr. Colors, white shirts and red handkerchiefs.

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
4—Beaverwyck	.....	T. Gorman, stroke	167
	.....	R. Gorman, 2	169
	.....	D. Doncaster, 3	166
	.....	James Wilson, bow	160

Paper boat, built by Waters. Colors, white shirts and blue caps.

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
5—Ballston	.....	J. Smith, stroke	133
	.....	S. C. Mulberry, 2	140
	.....	A. J. Reid, 3	140
	.....	J. N. Ramsell, bow	165

Paper boat, by Waters. Colors, white handkerchiefs and bare backs.

Position.	Club.	Crew.	Weight.
6—Potomac	.....	D. Caughlin, stroke	157
	.....	Z. T. Carpenter, 2	156
	.....	A. J. McIlair, 3	156
	.....	H. S. Truax, bow	142

Boat of red cedar, built by H. S. Larkins, of Georgetown, D. C.

It was a lively race, and the Pittsburgh boys won in 20 minutes 55 seconds. The Argonauts of Bergen Point, came second, in 21 minutes 15 seconds; the Beaverwyck third, in 22 minutes 10 seconds; the Cincinnati fourth, in 22 minutes 30 seconds; and the Ballstons last, in 23 minutes 25 seconds. The Potomac Club might have won the race had they not unfortunately run into a buoy, which disabled their boat.

Thus ended two days of good sport, especially enjoyed by the oarsmen and the numerous friends who accompanied them. They were simply overwhelmed with the success of the effort, and all promised to surely put in an appearance at the regatta next year.

A more friendly rivalry has seldom been known, and in the cordial good feeling which pervaded at the meeting at the Town Hall on Friday night it would have been hard to distinguish victor from vanquished. President Conkling presided, and the presentation address was made by General W. B. French. The prizes were bestowed by Mr. Conkling, with appropriate remarks. Each of the winners was received with prolonged applause as he stepped forward to receive his prize.

The Saratoga Rowing Association consists of about 200 members. The following are the names of the officers in charge of the regatta: President, John P. Conkling; Referee, William Wood; Starter, Benjamin F. Brady; Time-keeper, George W. Smith; Judges, F. J. Englehardt, H. M. Knapp, John Stout and Joseph Russell; Regatta Committee, W. A. Hamilton, Benjamin F. Brady, J. B. Finlay, J. Wayland Kimball, Henry Leslie and W. A. Costar. Y.

#### PAULINE LUCCA.

PAULINE LUCCA was born in Vienna, on the 26th of April, 1845, on the day commemorating the unavailing of the Beethoven statue at Bonn. When only four years of age she evidenced the possession of a most remarkable voice. Her musical education was begun at the celebrated *Ecole de Chant*. When thirteen years old she was placed under the tuition of Professor Joseph Ruprecht, and while with him she made rapid progress. After remaining in his care for three years she went to Professor Ullmann to be instructed in declamation. Her first regular engagement was at Olmutz. Afterwards she proceeded to Prague, where she became the idol of the people, and the pet of Meyerbeer. At Berlin new triumphs awaited her, and there it was that the Emperor of all the Russias commanded her presence at the Capital. Her stay in St. Petersburg was one continued *fete*. She made her first appearance in England in 1863, and her second in 1865. It was about that time that she became the Baroness von Roden. Lucca's voice is divine, and her presence charming. She comes to America to weave new leaves of the bays in the garland she already wears.

#### THE QUARRY ON PILOT KNOB MOUNTAIN.

A GENERAL view of Pilot Knob, Missouri, was given in a previous issue of this newspaper, and in continuing the subject, attention is called to an outline of the quarry itself, near the summit of the mountain. No tunneling is necessary, all the work being done in open cuttings, where the ore lies in enormous blocks, that must be broken into a convenient size for handling. From the mine there is an inclined railway to the foot of the mountain, where the ore passes into the ordinary cars of the steam railway. The small cars are drawn up and lowered by means of stout cables passing over a drum moved by the power of the descending load. The full cars go down and the empty ones come up, so that there is no need of steam or horse-power.

In our illustration the miners may be seen dislodging the blocks of ore on the mountain, while a little lower down is the rude structure in which is located the machinery for operating the cables. A loaded car is about passing down the grade, and the opposite cable is taut with the weight of another coming up for ore.

#### FISH CULTURE.

THE French people eat all kinds of fish, whether they be from the sea, the river, the lake, or the canal. In Scotland and Ireland the salmon only is bred artificially as yet, and chiefly because it is a valuable and money-yielding animal, and no other fresh-water fish is regarded there as being of value except for sport. In France large quantities of eels are bred and eaten; but in Scotland, and in some parts of England, the people have such a horror of that fish, that they will not touch it. This, of course, is due to prejudice, as the eel is good for food in a very high degree. In all Roman Catholic countries there are so many fast-days that fish-food becomes to the people an essential article of diet; in France this is so, and the consequence is that a good many private amateurs in pisciculture are to be found throughout the Republic; but the mission of the French Government in connection with fish-culture is apparently to meddle only with the rearing and acclimatizing of the more valuable fishes. It would be a waste of energy for the authorities at Lunigine to commence the culture of the carp or perch. In England there is no demand for the common river or lake fishes except for the purposes of sport; and with one or two exceptions, such as the Lochleven trout, the charr, etc., there is no commerce carried on in these fishes. One has but to visit the fishmarket at Paris to observe that all kinds of fresh-water fish and river crustacea are there ranked as salable, and largely purchased. The mode of keeping these animals fresh is worthy of being followed here. They are kept alive till wanted, in large basins and troughs, where they may at all times be seen swimming about in a very lively state.

As soon as the piscicultural system became known, it was rapidly extended over the whole continent of Europe, and the rivers of Germany were among the first to participate in the advantages of the artificial system. In particular may be noticed the efforts made to increase the supplies of the Danube salmon, a beautiful and excellent food-fish, with a body similar to the trout, but still more shapely and graceful, and which, if allowed time, is said to grow to an enormous size. The young salmon of the Danube are always of a darker color than those a little older, but they become lighter in color as they progress in years. The mouth of this fish is furnished with very strong teeth; its back is of a reddish gray, its sides and belly perfectly white; the fins are bluish white; the back and upper part of both sides are slightly and irregularly speckled with black and roundish red spots. This fish is also very prolific. Professor Wimmer, of Landshut, the authorities at Lunigine mentioned, had frequently obtained as many as 40,000 eggs from a female specimen which weighed only eighteen pounds. The *Salmo salar* is not so fecund, it being well understood that a thousand eggs per pound weight is about the average spawning power of the British salmon. The ova of the Danube salmon are hatched in half the time that our salmon eggs require for incubation—viz., in fifty-six days—while the young fry attain the weight of one pound in the first year; and by the third year, if well supplied with the requisite quantity of food, they will have attained a weight of four pounds.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATING THE HOLYHEAD BREAKWATER.

In a recent number of this paper we gave a graphic account and illustration of the Holyhead Breakwater, touching the appearance and the amount expended upon the gigantic work, etc. To-day we present to our readers an engraving representing its inauguration by his H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, which, as may be perceived, passed off with great *clat*. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm evinced upon the occasion—the presence of many of the *élite*, the thunder of heavy ordnance from the ironclads in the harbor, and the loud cheers of assembled thousands, were impressive in the extreme and well worthy the completion and inauguration of so grand and important a work. The point caught for illustration is that where H. R. H. is receiving the address presented on the occasion, while standing with the Duke of Edinburgh on the quay in the midst of the most distinguished portion of the vast throng.

##### THE LONDONERS' AUTUMN TRIP ON BOARD THE DUNDEE STEAMER.

To those who are walled up in a great city from almost year's end to year's end, a short coasting voyage in a seaworthy vessel, with agreeable fellow-passengers, must be truly delightful indeed. In no situation whatever are the dust and cobwebs of care and business blown so completely clear of our mind and person as on the deck of a steamer, from which we view the distant shore, as we bound along on a simple mission of pleasure, and inhale the fresh sea-breeze, without a thought of the morrow. The inhabitants of the English metropolis—or no inconsiderable number of them, at least—seem to move in the groove of this idea; for we perceive some of them, as shown in one of our illustrations, enjoying themselves on board the Dundee steamer, as she plows her way along the fertile shores of England towards those of the neighboring Land of Cakes. These vessels leave on Wednesday and Saturday mornings from their appointed stations of Wapping, and, as the voyagers are generally Londoners in easy circumstances, the trip to Leith or Edinburgh is usually most agreeable and fraught with many pleasant incidents. This latter, however, may be readily inferred from the friendly group that we see seated on deck, who appear to be enjoying themselves to the letter, and who seem to be fortunately free from the terrible inconvenience of sea-sickness.

##### SPAIN—LANDING INSURGENT TROOPS AT CARTHAGENA.

As bold a thing as the English men-of-war, now in Spanish waters, have done, was the landing of the crews of the revolted ships *Almansa* and *Vittoria*. The steam-boat *Delphin* took the boats in tow, and the *Torch*, English ship of war, was ordered to clear for action, and cover the landing. This was at Fort Navidad, which was pierced for eight guns, but really had but three. The Spanish man-of-war *Mendez Nunez* objected to the landing, but was silenced by the presence of the *Torch*. The illustration represents the revolted crews being put ashore. Fort Navidad is in the centre of the view. Fort Galeras is on the summit of the hill above. The *Delphin* is on the left. On the right hand is the *Mendez Nunez*, guarded by the *Torch*.

##### THE GARO CHIEFS, INDIA, TENDERING THEIR SUBMISSION TO BRITISH OFFICERS.

The Garo country is the most western of the great hilly district of India, bounded on the east by the Khasia Hills. The Garos have been famous as cotton traders from a very early date, but came into contact with the British Government at the close of the latter century only. Some of them, however, refused to pay either tribute or allegiance to the English authority planted in their midst, until, at last, and quite recently, they were all reduced to terms alike, and constrained to bow to British rule, which fact is illustrated in our engraving,

that presents the last of the refractory Chiefs tendering their submission to Captain Williamson at Rongrengiri.

##### HOLYHEAD MARKET, WALES, DURING THE INAUGURATION OF THE BREAKWATER.

Holyhead is not remarkable for any particular branch of trade, although especially noticeable for being one of the cleanest and best paved towns in Wales. Its market is excellent in its way; but so far as our illustration is concerned, it is valuable only in presenting to our readers some idea of the costume of the Welsh women. This, it will be observed, is somewhat masculine, inasmuch as their hats are something like those of the opposite sex, being made of the same material, and differing from them in height mainly. Their dress is generally made of some very dark cloth, although much relieved by the neat handkerchief across their shoulders and the snowy apron so commonly worn by them. To these is added another and important article of costume—a hooded cloak, similar to that worn by the Irish peasantry—but this similitude is quite natural, both peoples springing from the same original stock.

##### SPAIN—ANDALUSIA—TRANSPORTING TROOPS BY TRAIN.

The warlike condition of Spain is often relieved by pleasing and picturesque episodes. The battle-field or the street skirmish is softened by such scenes as the one we present this week, which depicts the interior of a railway carriage transporting a body of troops. The soldiers have thrown off their shackles of discipline and are taking their ease. The musicians have thrown their instruments down, and, in common with the soldiers, seek in song, in wine and in the cigarette some relief from the cares of war. All is chaos and confusion, but it is the confusion of the picturesque.

##### PARIS.—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE COLUMN VENDOME.

The Grand Column Vendôme, erected in the Place Vendôme, Paris, as a commemoration of the glorious victory of the Grand Army at Austerlitz, and overthrown by the Commune, is in course of erection. This magnificent work of art was constructed on the model of the Trajan Column in Rome. The Trajan Column was of white marble; the Column Vendôme was constructed of twelve hundred Austrian and Prussian cannon. The work is being pushed rapidly forward; yet it is at the best a tedious job. But all the world will be glad to know that it is being done, for Paris can ill afford to lose so magnificent an ornament.

##### LONDONERS CAMPING OUT ON THE RIVERSIDE.

Black and unsightly as some of the waters of Old Father Thames are, and noisy and unromantic as his shores are the nearer you approach the great city, there are some pleasant nooks along his banks about Gravesend, which, in the Autumn holidays, are turned to good account by the Londoners. One of these has been evidently hit upon by a party of students whose tent is pitched in our engraving, and who are palpably enjoying themselves after a long row on the river.

#### PERSONAL.

COLONEL HOBBS is the farmers' candidate for Governor of Texas.

MME. ANNA BISHOP has been very successful in Victoria.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, is at Boulogne-sur-Mer with her children.

WILLARD PHILLIPS, LL.D., died at Cambridge, Mass., on the 9th, aged 89 years.

ROBERT BROWNING has made a bust of Shelley, and the critics pronounce it good.

REV. DR. LYMAN, of the United States, has arrived at Constance to attend the Old Catholic Congress.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has sent 1,000 lire to the Syndic of Alessandria for the monument to Urbano Rattazzi.

SENOR TOMMASO SALVINI was received in an elegant manner by the Arcadian Club of New York City on the evening of the 12th.

PRINCE CHARLES ESTERHAZY, the only son of the late Prince Esterhazy, the eminent Austrian statesman, has committed suicide.

THE Hon. John P. Hale, whose life was almost despaired of a few weeks ago, is improving daily, and his permanent recovery is expected.

THE merchants of Hamburg are going to present Captain Werner with a handsome testimonial of their approval of his action in regard to the Carlist vessels.

GENERAL EDWARD S. MCCOOK, formerly Provisional Governor of Dakota, was assassinated at a public meeting in Yankton, on the 11th inst., by P. P. Wintermute, a banker.

AN African Prince named Jumbo, whose father is the present King of Bonny, West Coast of Africa, is being educated at the Middle School in Liverpool, England.

W. S. WATERS, one of the most prominent and active members of the Baltimore City Bar, died in that city last week. He was at one time the Speaker of the House of Delegates.

DR. LYNCH, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, has forbidden the practice of having plays and dramatic representations in the colleges and academies under his jurisdiction.

THE installation of Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli as Rector of the University of Glasgow, which was postponed in consequence of the death of his wife, will take place on the 19th of November.

IN consequence of a dissension among the suite accompanying the Shah of Persia, and a disagreement between his Majesty and the Grand Vizier, the latter has been dismissed from his Majesty's service.

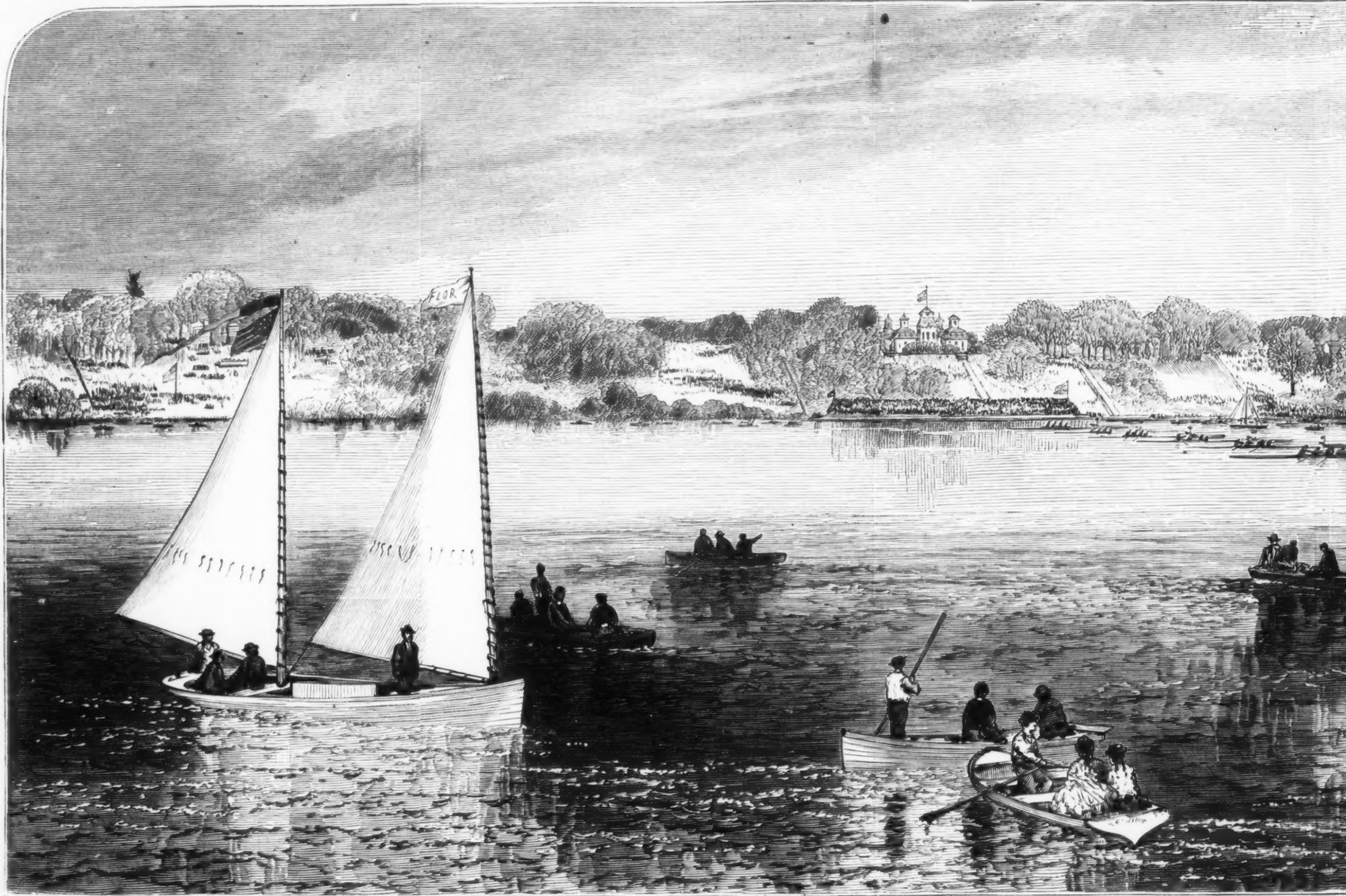
MME. PICCOLONINI, although she has abandoned the stage for ever, always gives her assistance for any charitable purpose, and recently sang at a concert given at Siena by the Orchestral Society of that town.

MR. JOSEPH ARCH, the representative of the agricultural laborers of England, arrived at Quebec recently. He was accompanied by Mr. Arthur Claydon, one of the committee of the Laborers' Union, and Mr. Henry Taylor, its Secretary. He will spend a few weeks in Canada before visiting the United States.

DR. OTTO OBERMEIER, an eminent physician of Berlin, died last month of cholera, contracted during a series of experiments with the excreta of cholera patients. He is reported to have intentionally inoculated himself with the infected fluids in order to study the modes of contagion, and even on his deathbed persisted in making microscopic examinations of his own blood.

THE ex-Queen of Spain is defendant in an action instituted by her husband, who accuses his wife of squandering her fortune in political enterprises and extravagant amusements. She was, he says, worth 1,000,000 francs a year when she went to live in Paris, but since then her income has dwindled down to 500,000 francs, and if she is allowed to go on, as she seems inclined to do, she will in a few years be penniless.





REGATTA OF THE SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION ON LAKE SARATOGA.—VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND ON THE ESPLANADE OF

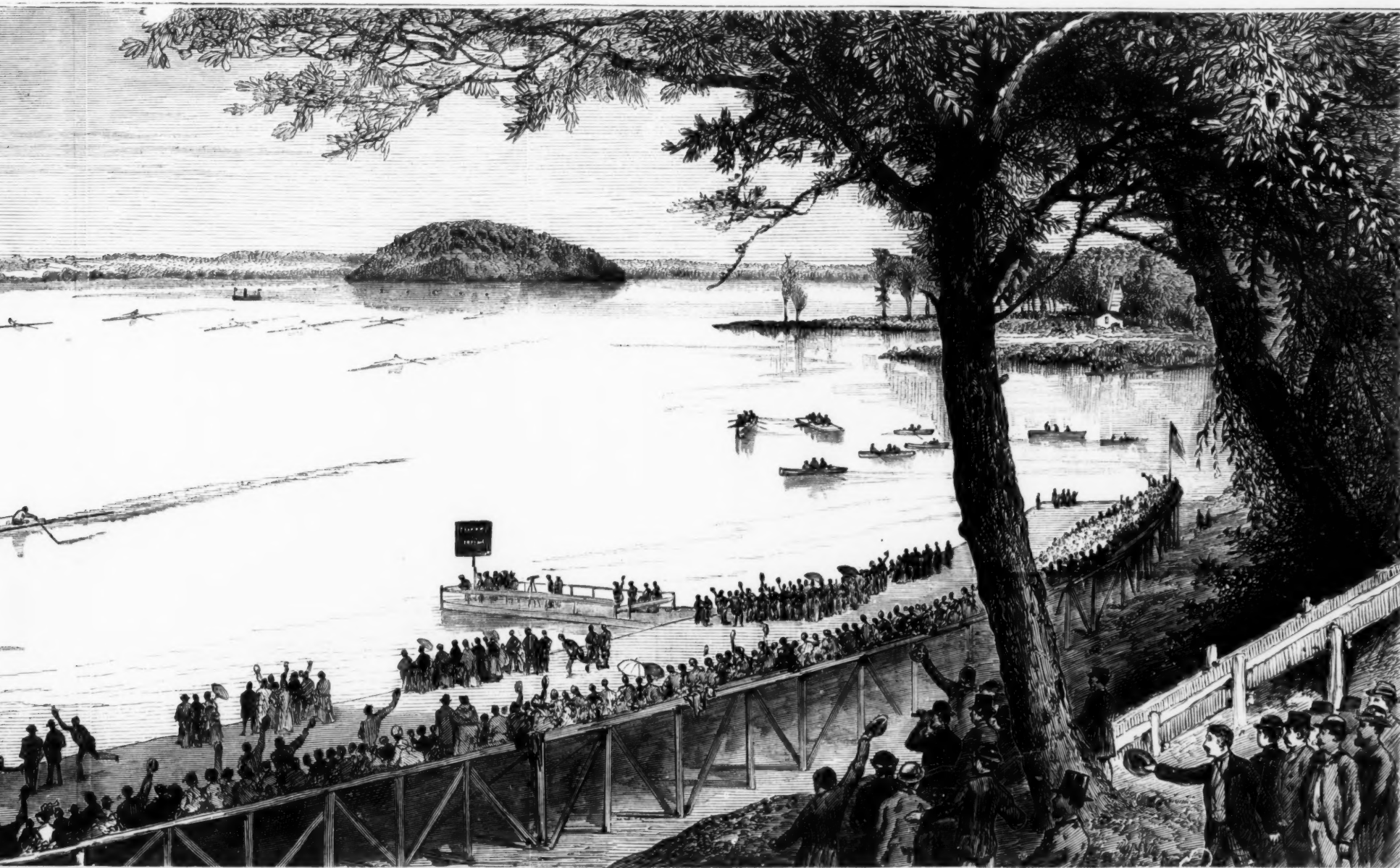


REGATTA OF THE SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION ON LAKE SARATOGA.—VIEW FROM "INTERLAKEN," THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF





LANADE OF "INTERLAKEN", TAKEN FROM POINT BREEZE—THE SECOND DAY—THE FOUR-OARED RACE.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 38.



DENCE OF MR. FRANK LESLIE-COURTNEY, THE WINNER OF THE SINGLE-SCULL RACE, PASSING THE GRAND STAND.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.



## FROM THE SPANISH.

"BECAUSE I have kissed you, Mingullo, my mother is scolding me so. Quick! quick! give me back the kiss, darling, I gave you a short time ago."

"As it's done, we have got to undo it—For mother, you see, is so cross; But a kiss given back to the giver, After all is not much of a loss."

"But, heyday! Mingullo! what's this, sir? Why, here we are, worse than before! I bade you restore me my kiss, sir. But now—you have taken two more!"

## TRUST HER NOT.

BY

JUAN LEWIS,

Author of "The Sorcerer's Victim," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V.—A VULTURE AT HOME.

WHEN Andrew Ashton left his apartments, and went out with something he had taken from the mantel under his arm, he walked rapidly down the narrow street wherein the house was located, and turned into a darker, narrower—and, if possible—far dirtier one, leading towards the East River.

Without looking to the right or left, he pulled his hat lower over his eyes, and strode forward until he reached an old, tumble-down frame tenement, cornering on a narrower alley, known as Rest, or Roost, Lane, where a hundred odors warned whoever passed that way not to rest, but to hurry on at accelerated speed.

One or two old signs, hanging on rusty fastenings above the closed shutters of this tenement—stained and weather-beaten past all reading—appeared to indicate that it had once been a place of business.

Pausing only to note the place as the one he was seeking, Andrew Ashton turned into the alley, went forward a few paces on the narrow walk, barely wide enough for one, and passed under a low doorway, where a short flight of steps led into the building led up to a door beyond.

Here the shadows lay so thick and heavy, that the sunlight, if it could have penetrated the gloom, must have assumed a sickly coloring consistent with the place.

Ashton groped his way up the flight of steps in the darkness, with a facility and ease that seemed to indicate that this was not the first time that he had been there.

He pushed open a door, which creaked loudly on its hinges, as if left purposely dry to attract attention, and made his way into a long, low room, the walls and ceiling of which were garnished with a strange variety of miscellaneous merchandise.

The place, judging from its surroundings, combined the business of a junk-shop, "fence" for stolen goods, and of the pawnbroker.

At the moment of his entering, the room was vacant, but before the visitor had time to more than glance about him twice, a small sliding panel in the wall, which directly fronted the door, was moved back, and a strongly marked face appeared in the opening, as in a frame.

It was that of a man of sixty or sixty-five, with gray hair, and beard which concealed the lower part of his face; bushy eyebrows overhanging deep-set gray eyes, and an expression in the latter not unlike that of a vulture. His nationality would be hard to determine. He might have been a Polish Jew, or a Rhine German, by the cast of his features, but hardly an Englishman—still less an American.

To this sinister portrait, set in the frame of the panel, Andrew Ashton bowed quite deferentially, but received, in return for this civility, only a snarl of recognition, like that of a wild beast.

"What you want here—you?" he demanded. "If you please, Mr. Isaac, I want money." "Then you will want, for I don't please—you! It's Mr. Isaac when you want money; Vulture Isaac, other times. I've no money, and if I had, I don't lend beggars; you know that well enough. Not that you are a beggar," he added, in a less ungracious tone; perhaps the result of the red flush of demonstrative wrath he saw rising to the sallow cheek of his visitor, or more likely, because he had caught sight of the article brought, and scented a bargain—"not that you ever were or can be anything but a gentleman. But there are lots of 'em as comes to I Roost Lane, that never was nor never will be anything but beggars. Ho!—wait till I come into the shop."

He shut the little panel with a slam. There was a sound of retreating footsteps, then a rattle of bolts and chains, and a moment later a side-door opened, and Mr. Isaac entered, and greeted his visitor as if he now saw him for the first time.

"Ho! we are in the way of to-day, are we?" he said, familiarly, after pre-empting a hand like a fish's tail to his visitor, which was hastily dropped.

"Yes, Isaac."

With hand that trembled excessively, Andrew Ashton placed before the vulture-eyed dealer in crime and shame-bought merchandise his contribution for the day.

It was a small French clock, richly ornamented, a relic of happier days. It had been a present to his wife on her birthday, and her daughter, Carrie, through many sacrifices, had clung to this as a precious heirloom.

The Vulture examined it closely, and then transferred his glance, exchanging cupidity for suspicion, to the one who had brought it.

"It is your own property, of course?" he said, slowly; apparently estimating its value as he spoke.

"Of course! You don't suppose I stole it?" demanded Ashton, breathing heavily, and looking the man straight in the eyes.

"Ho!—by no means, me tear shur! To be sure—no! I thinks, you shce, you might be the agent of the owner! That ish all!"

"I tell you it is mine! I bought it and I paid for it," cried the visitor, impatiently. "What matters it how long ago, or under what circumstances?" he added, doggedly.

"And you want to sell him?"

"No—I want a loan—a loan! It must be kept the usual time, or till I redeem it—which will not be long. I shall soon have funds ample for this and other little transactions."

"Money is awful scarce—how much you want?"

"Fifty dollars!" Mr. Isaac prolonged his pronunciation of the one word to almost the length of a whole sentence, and shook his crafty head.

"Not to be thought of!" he declared, with a backward step and an air of repudiation; "it would ruin me."

"It is only for a few days," urged the visitor.

"You will not have it here a week."

"So you assure me," responded Mr. Isaac, with

the least possible sarcasm in his tone; "and inasmuch as that is a consideration, let us say twenty."

"I tell you, you infernal old screw, I must have fifty! Why, it cost more than twice that!"

"Very likely, Misher Ashton; but times ish changed! However, being you, me tear shur, I shall say thirty dollars—and not a stiver more if you were Moses himself," declared Mr. Isaac, resolutely.

He moved towards the side-door as he spoke, as if to indicate that, so far as he was concerned, the interview was at an end.

"Stay!" said Ashton; "I will take it—for I must have the money at once; and after all, it will be less for me to pay next week."

"Next week?" said Mr. Isaac, doubtfully. "Yes—to pay next week!" was the response, in a decided tone. "I shall make a strike with this money—count it out, for I'm in a hurry!"

"Ho—all's right, me tear. Shine the bill of shale."

"Bill of sale? For what—I don't sell!"

No—that's understood. It secures me principal and interest, you know—and will be given up when you takes him!"

"There you are, then—give me the money; I have it—correct! You'll see me next week. Good-day!"

He went rapidly out of the place, leaving Mr. Isaac looking after him, with all his vulture-like attributes particularly prominent.

"He pay!" he muttered scornfully; "there's but one debt he's likely to pay soon in the route he's going—that of Nature! The gambling-dens, and fusil-oil, will make quick work of him. Ho!" turning his attention to the clock, and stowing it away on a side-shelf; "I double my loan on him—worth twice what I gives any day. He purchase him—he pay for him? I shce; but the lilly daughter keeps him—ho! What she do now—maybe come here? Better not."

Thus muttering to himself, with many nods and shrugs, he was in the act of turning towards the side entrance to leave the room, when the outer door was softly lifted, rather than pushed, open—thus avoiding the usual creaky warning of the rusty hinges—and a thin, wiry, dark-browed man came noiselessly forward.

"What the dey?"

"No, not exactly him—Drop that!" cried the new-comer, with a sudden rise and sharp inflection in his tone, for Mr. Isaac had started back and caught up a pistol lying on one of the shelves. "I say, drop that," he continued, advancing; "for if I'm not the Old Fellow myself, I can easily raise him, Isaac—so beware!"

"Ho—you know me, it sheems?"

"Not so well as you will know me, the next time you see me, if you continue to stare at me in that way—I don't owe you anything—as yet, I think. Come! I'm here to trade—to sell—to borrow; which you choose! How's money?"

The Vulture's countenance changed indignantly. "Ho—search—awful search!" he whined.

"Then I may as well go elsewhere at once, and save time," declared the visitor, "for it will take money, and considerable of it, to trade with me."

"What you got for shale?" he began Mr. Isaac, but the visitor cut him short.

"I've no doubt you do, and that very man stands in your shoes this minute!" he declared. "But see here, you must talk fast and to the point. Look at that! You've seen nothing like that since you left your fatherland—wherever that happened to be."

He placed in his hand as he spoke a solitary diamond of large size, in an antique setting—a ring—and from the peculiar shape evidently once belonging to a lady.

The Vulture's eyes flashed, as if seeing legitimate prey. He turned the jewel over in his hand and examined it at all points.

"The light is dim and my sight imperfect," he muttered, apologetically, taking a step towards a recess and touching a spirit-lamp, which instantly flamed up. "The shetting is worth but little to melt," he said, after brooding over it for some moments, like an ill-digged bird, as he was.

"The setting!" cried the visitor, impatiently; "I am not here to sell that particularly. How much for the stone—the diamond?"

"You may call him a stone—it ish no diamond! an imitation merely!"

"Imitation!" cried Jules Bonard—for it was he—in a tone so fierce and wrathful that the Vulture started back in alarm. "Not a diamond?"

"Diamond? No. Only a clear brilliant—no more! Take him away," he added, with affected contempt, making a feint of handing it back, but stopping short, and scanning closely the features of his visitor, while appearing not to do so.

If ever a countenance expressed rage and consternation, that of Jules Bonard did; and had Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe been then present it is not unlikely her stout nerves would have quailed before him.

"Curses on the woman!" he muttered, vindictively; "I might have known she would defraud me! Perhaps I would have left the country—when I chose—but this prevents me! If the child had not been killed, I could—but I will get even with her for this."

His teeth grated together as he said this, and looking up suddenly, he caught the eyes of Isaac fixed intently upon him.

"A disappointment, I shce," said the Vulture, soothingly. "Ho! a woman sell him you, eh?"

"No," answered Bonard, curly; "a lady gave it me to raise money for her. Of course, the loss is hers, not mine," he added, with an emphasis on the word loss that had a strange significance, perceptible even to Mr. Isaac.

Nothing but his previous mistrust and knowledge of the one from whom he had received the jewel would have led one naturally so suspicious as Mr. Jules Bonard to this except, as he did, the statement made to him of its worthlessness. As it was, he assumed the truth of Mr. Isaac's declaration without further examination or question.

A minute of silence succeeded.

"The brilliant is clear, as I said, and the shetting good," finally said the Vulture, watching the effect of each word upon his companion; "I will take him, if you wants money, for what he worth?"

"Money? Well, then, I do want money," said the visitor, recalled to himself, and forgetful of what he had said about wanting it for a lady. "But I want it as a loan—a loan, mind you!"

"Of course—of course! Zey all wants a loan merely."

"How much will you advance on this?" continued the visitor, unheeding the Vulture's sarcasm.

"Loan at four months, twenty per cent. per month," responded the dealer, as if reading printed terms—"say twenty dollars!"

"It's downright robbery to ask, much more to take, such interest; but make the sum thirty, and I'll leave it."

After some further discussion, a bargain was struck at twenty-five dollars, the money produced, counted out, and receipt given declaring forfeiture of the jewel in case of neglect to redeem it within the stipulated period.

Having thus, in a measure, accomplished the business for which he came, Mr. Jules Bonard—otherwise William—very expeditiously took his departure, leaving the solitary diamond ring he had received from Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe in the Vulture's hands.

## CHAPTER VI.—MISS MEHETABEL STRANGE—CARRIE'S VISIT TO THE VULTURE.

THE doubt in Carrie Ashton's mind, whether the conduct of the unknown man she had thus met partook of mystery or insanity—or was compounded of equal parts of both—had hardly resolved itself, when she arrived within sight of her own door; and there a sight met her gaze that for a time drove all thoughts of her recent adventure from her mind.

A large, angular female, of forty or thereabouts, was seated in front of the entrance, on a pile of baggage, which had just been discharged from a dray—not very satisfactorily, it would seem, to either owner or drayman, for the latter was looking exceedingly irate, as he whipped his lame horse around the corner, to the imminent danger of half a dozen urchins crowding to see the fun; and the owner—Miss Mehetael Strange, as appeared by the lettering on the end of the large trunk wherein she was seated—was flourishing a yellow sun-umbrella in the direction of the disappearing employé, with an admonition to "just wait till she could give him a piece of her mind!"

This appeared to be, however, exactly what the drayman did not propose to do; and, instead of waiting, he had driven on, leaving Miss Mehetael Strange a stranger among strange things, surrounded by a little knot of strange people—mostly juveniles—and seated on top of a miscellaneous lot of luggage, whereof the large trunk formed the apex—the whole looking vastly like one of those incongruous obstructions frequently seen in thoroughfares which require to be fenced in and have a signboard placed on top duly labeled, "Dangerous!"

Not that the angular female in any respect resembled a signboard, but the lengthy arm and adroit sweep of the huge, yellow umbrella appeared to command some as respectful attention from the good-humored on-lookers as if the owner thereof had been warningly labeled as aforesaid.

The appearance of Carrie on the scene proves very timely, for already the whole family of "the Griggses," who are the tenants (first four, back,) in common with herself and father—their apartments being second floor, front, and the rest of the building being occupied by the proprietor for storage—are standing on the step, and chattering, in answer to the stranger's inquiry, that the Ashtons are both absent.

So intent are the Griggses—seven in number, with heads, expressing various degrees of uncombined combativeness, rising one above the other, like stairs—beet on outstripping each other with this information, that the approach of Carrie and her charge is unheeded till she is on the spot, and recognizes—as she does immediately—the lady with the baggage.

"Dear Aunt Bel!" she exclaims, in unaffected surprise and pleasure, "have you come to the city at last, after years of promising? I can hardly believe it is you!"

"I can hardly believe it myself, Caroline," is the grave response, as a backward sweep of the umbrella takes an obtrusive urchin in the flank, and sends him away howling—"I can hardly believe it myself, for the Old Boy only knows how I got here; and I'm certain he won't tell! But the baggage is mine! I'll make an affidavit to that before any magistrate; and, perhaps that will so far serve to identify me as to justify you in keeping me till your father comes home."

Delivering this oracular statement, with a gradually diminishing sense of the drayman's injustice, which it appears had been his refusal to carry her things up-stairs, the rigid lines of "Aunt Bel's" face relaxed under the bright, welcoming smile of her niece, and dismounting from her authoritative seat, she was deftly extricated from the pile of luggage by Carrie's assistance, and permitted herself to be kissed and embraced; after which she was borne away up-stairs triumphantly—pausing only to give a bright penny to the urchin—now unobtrusive—who had been hit.

But the responsibility of the baggage still lay heavy on her soul; and she immediately insisted on taking a seat by the open window, where she could overlook its removal from the walk to the security of the landing inside.

This important transfer satisfactorily accomplished, she yielded to Carrie's request, to permit the removal of her shawl and hat—the last, to judge from her manner of handling it, a fabric of rare origin.

Seen thus to better advantage, Miss Mehetael Strange appeared to be what she was—some three or four years younger than she had looked outside; tall and dark, with black eyes, and straight, dead-black hair; features stern in repose and mobile in expression; strong of limb and will, and capable of undertakings, in a cause wherein she might be interested for herself or others, that would have daunted most men. Added to these traits or qualities was a habit of speech peculiar to her individualism, but rather shocking to the conventional-minded;—if unacquainted with the warm heart, which, underneath a rigid exterior, influenced all her actions. She was the half-sister of Carrie's father—had always resided in the country, where she had a little independent property of her own, and where she had been visited on several annual occasions by her niece. With her half-brother she had held little intercourse in the days of his prosperity—and shame for that neglect on his part, doubtless, prevented him continuing personally that little in these days of his adversity. But the ideas of Carrie were, as we know, cast in a warthier mold. And she had long ago learned to love this relative, with all her idiosyncrasies, and marked independence of speech and manner; and the pleasure of seeing her in her own home—even under that home's present disadvantages—was no less sincere than the surprise she felt at her aunt's visit to the city; a visit so long promised that all expectations of its fulfillment—if any had ever existed—was quite forgotten.

More than a year had elapsed since they had met; correspondence had been infrequent, and there was much to be told—many explanations to be made—many little confidences to be uttered, by the motherless girl to sympathetic ears. But first, the question of accommodation and convenience—the apartments of Mr. Ashton's being limited—had to be met, and satisfactorily disposed of.

True, Carrie was desirous that her aunt should have her small room; but to this, for reasons of her own—possibly on account of past remembrances connected with her half-brother, possibly for other and weightier reasons—Miss Mehetael was unwilling to consent; and by a fortunate suggestion of Carrie's, Mrs. Griggs—the Head of the Griggses, as she was called by the neighbors (first floor, back,) was called in, introduced and consulted.

Mrs. Griggs was a soft-hearted, red-faced woman,

with hair of similar hue, and of the same combative tendency which has been noticed in the seven—when, by-the-way, was less than two the actual count of Sundays and holidays; the eldest boy being apprenticed to a builder, and the only girl of the flock, Kate, living with little Miss Fatt, nurtured the family circle at all other times to the extent mentioned, as the Head was fond of explaining.

Mrs. Griggs, on being thus consulted, became visible at once, and saw a way out of the difficulty. A recent lodger, who seemed to her like a relative and friend, he was so good, as she declared, to whom she had for some time given up her spare room, had left the city, and thus the apartment—and a most eligible one it was—had become vacant. It had been thoroughly aired, cleaned and put to rights, and Miss Ashton's aunt could have it and welcome for as long as she chose. A step back across the hall on the opposite side of the landing, as Miss Carrie knew, and you were there, for her "spare" was on this floor, next to the young lady's, with only one wall between.

It was immediately examined, found suitable, terms arranged by leave and occupancy, and in half an hour's time the baggage had been removed thereto, the key turned, and tenant duly installed therein; after which, with thanks of dismissal to Mrs. Griggs, aunt and niece sat down to supper with Master Noddy properly disposed between them.

And now the conversational tide began to flow easily in the natural channels of circumstance, or a higher agency, had designed in the meeting of these three.

Carrie had already explained briefly as much of the child's history as she herself knew, and it did not escape her attention that the sympathies of Aunt Bel had been touched.

"You have not yet explained, Aunt Bel," said Carrie, as they were about rising from the table, "how you happened to come to the city at this season, when the fashionable people are mostly gone or going to the country?"

"No, my dear; and for the very good reason that no explanation was needed. All there was of it, I took a notion to look about me! and as we were to have a meeting of the society of which I am Secretary, the Borenses—"

"The Der—?" interrupted Carrie, with a puzzled expression.

"Cusses!" continued Miss Mehetael, in explanation—"of our district, I stated my intention, that day formed, of coming to the city to look about me. They gave me full permission—knowing that I should come whether or no—and I shut up the house, put the key in my pocket, saw the baggage safely on board the cars, and came. Like old what's-his-name in history, what I saw and who I conner while here, perhaps you, my dear, will be able to tell hereafter."

Carrie laughed merrily, and kissed her aunt as they rose from the table.

How easily light words are passed over! Not until long afterwards did the young girl recall these last words of her aunt; and then in the light of events which made them stand out like an inspiration of prophecy.

After the tea-things were cleared away, by which time it had become dark, and the gas was being lighted in the streets, the two ladies joined Noddy at the open window, to watch for the coming of Mr. Ashton.

This at her aunt's suggestion, for whatever of hope for his speedy return the young girl had previously felt and expressed had been cruelly dissipated by the discovery, made only a moment before, that her precious clock was missing from the mantel. Her knowledge of her father's evil habits led her but to one conclusion—that he was the one who had taken it, and that for the purpose of raising money; and she thought with grief how once during the past year she had loved him to a pawnbroker's to secure the return of an article of trifling value that had been her mother's, and could only obtain it by the payment of twice or thrice its original cost. She remembered well the terrible man she had encountered there as keeper of the place, his greed and insolence; and she doubted if any appeal she could make for the property, if it had been taken there, would be of the slightest avail. Still she felt that she ought to make the trial. Perhaps even that man, base as she felt him to be, if he knew her father's noble nature as well as his unfortunate weakness, perhaps, even he—

She paused abruptly.

These reflections and conclusions were disconcerted, and for the moment terminated, by the making of the discovery that the eyes of her aunt were resting in grave inquiry upon her face.

"My dear child," she said, "something is troubling you. If my reverend face does not invite your confidence, my heart does. Not now—not at any time," she added hastily, "unless of your own free choice. But don't allow burdens to crush you, child, who shoulders like these can be had for the asking to bear them for you."

The young girl made a brave effort to smile lightly, and thanked her aunt by a pressure of the hand, and a caress that hid her agitated face.

"Take your own time, my child, or any time, as for that; but bear in mind always I'm here to look about me—to look about me," she repeated, with emphasis. "And my looking is not intended to have such remote application but what I shall be always able, I hope, to see everything that ought to be seen immediately under my eyes. So, my love, if there is anything you wish to do or say, in behalf of some one or of yourself, which you prefer to do or say alone, without taking me or anybody into your confidence, until you can feel your way to do so beneficially, don't hesitate to do or say it. Similarly, if I can be of any service, now or hereafter, in any degree—and you, I think, are the best judge of that, and the time when—don't shrink from commanding me. That's all, my dear, now; and no more at present, from yours till death, as the trev lovers say in the 'Complete Letter-Writer.' Gracious King! how hot it is! Let's have up the other window."

With the last words, which Carrie readily recognized as only a diversion purposely made to allow her opportunity to recover her composure, her aunt raised the sash, and drew deep respirations.

Having whatever difficulties she imagined in her way thus unexpectedly smoothed for her, in a measure, the young girl caressed her thoughtful relative, and, after a moment's anxious reflection, said:

"You have so far anticipated my wishes, dear aunt. But, that I may say there is something I wish to do, and to do at once—something wherein your kindly services could not, just now, be available—something towards the fulfillment of which I cannot myself now see my way clear. And with your permission," she added, abruptly, "I wish to go out."

"To go out alone?"

"Yes, taking Noddy along for protection," she concluded, brightly, and kissing the child as she spoke.

"Then, my dear, go at once. Don't be afraid to leave me; I shall be perfectly safe alone. I'm big enough and strong enough, goodness knows, to take care of myself. If not, my face would be enough to frighten any made miscreant—at least, it has been

so."

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heretofore, or, possibly, I shouldn't now be Miss Mehetabel. Imagine me, then, for a time Lady Macbeth, and 'stand not upon the order of your going.' There, my dear, you see I anticipate, with sublime assumption, not to say impertinence, all you would say in the way of excuse."

She drew a massive silver watch, of antique workmanship, from some capacious depository about her dress—one her niece instantly recognized as remarkable for striking at will the hours and quarters—belonging to a past generation.

"It is now seven and three-quarters," she declared, after causing it to strike; for the gas was burning too low to allow her to see the face distinctly. "How long will you be absent?"

"Not more than half an hour, probably," responded Carrie, rising, and putting on a hat and mantle, which she took from a closet. "Come, Noddy, you are to be my gallant. Where is your hat?"

She found it, and placed it on the child's head; bade him "Kiss Aunt Bel," tripped lightly to the door, came back again, embraced her once more, clung to her, and, taking Noddy by the hand, went briskly out, closing the door softly behind her.

In another moment she was in the street.

(To be continued.)

## FOOTPRINTS OF PROGRESS.

**FERTILITY OF CALIFORNIA.**—What will California want to raise next? That State appears to think that her climate should flourish the fruits alike of the tropics and of the frozen zone. Corn, wheat, rye, oats and potatoes are common to her. She is already engaged in the culture of coffee, opium, cocoa and tea, the planting of grapes, the mulberry, and the growth of silk, sheep and cattle raising, and now is beginning to plant cotton—an experiment which will be watched with much interest by every one.

**GEOLOGY OF THE WEST.**—The whole West must at some remote period have been a most uninviting country, if we believe the speculations of the geologists. It was, east of the Mississippi, one vast sheet of ice. With curious particularity they trace the glacial action, the erosion of vast bodies of ice. Thus were formed the peaks and domes, the ridges, and the dark, gloomy canyons. The waving grain-fields were then a fit home for the polar bear, and the outstretched land glittered in the sunlight from enormous spires and bergs making their slow way southward.

**A SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.**—From a tabulated statement of the industries of Chattanooga, we learn that there are five iron, machine and foundry works, with a capital aggregating over \$1,670,000, employing 937 hands, and disbursing \$27,400 in monthly wages; one car factory, capital, \$200,000, employing 100 hands; four saw and planing mills, representing \$63,000 capital, employing 124 men; besides one furniture, one leather, one fire-brick, one wagon and carriage factory, and flouring-mills, aggregating \$191,000 of capital and employing 97 workmen.

**THE COMMERCE OF BALTIMORE.**—The indications for a heavy Fall trade are very flattering, and the total shipping business at this port for last week footed up an exceedingly encouraging amount. The value of foreign exports reached over \$695,000, more than double the amount for the same week of September, 1872. But it is in the coastwise trade that the greatest activity is perceptible, and the business for last week is a fair index of the magnitude this branch of traffic is assuming from year to year. The wholesale merchants of this city are beginning to ship goods to their customers at the South quite freely, and the carrying capacity of the different lines of Southern steamers will, doubtless, henceforth be taxed to their utmost to accommodate the business that will be offered.

**EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK IN INDIANA.**—Educational interests in this State were never in so good a condition as at the present time. The new law, creating the office of County Superintendent and establishing County Boards of Education, has given an impetus to school interests, and the friends of education are expecting great good to result from these provisions. And the County Superintendents themselves have gone to work with a will. They seem to feel that not only they, but the new law through them, is on trial, and they are quite right. The county institutes which are now being held all over the State are generally better attended this year than ever before. This indicates a lively interest among the teachers. The length of the public schools in the country will be greater the coming year than ever before, and the prospect is that within a very few years the average length of the school term will be not less than six months.

**TUNNELING IN ST. LOUIS, MO.**—One of the grandest undertakings ever begun in St. Louis is the construction of the railroad tunnel from the western approach of the great bridge along Washington Avenue and Eighth Street to Clark Avenue. The tunnel from Third Street to Clark Avenue, to connect our Eastern and Western railroads, is to be 4,000 feet in length, with an open approach of 900 feet vailed in. Work was begun on this gigantic enterprise last November. The span of the arches of the tunnel, of which there are two, is fourteen feet clear, and the height seventeen feet. The arches have a depth of five lengths of brick springing from a wall of solid stone, whose foundation is six feet thick; the side walls are five feet thick to the spring line, above which the thickness of the wall is four feet; the centre wall is three feet in thickness. All the brick-work and masonry is set in hydraulic cement. Expressed in figures, the work so far done is 12,500 yards of brick masonry, and 95,000 yards of excavating.

**AN OCEAN RAILWAY.**—Captain C. A. Dennett, of Racine, Wis., has devised a marine carriage to which he gives the introductory title. The vehicle resembles the ordinary propeller. There is a lower deck, and above it the cabin; but what there is below these, in the place occupied by that part of a propeller which is in the water, is the remarkable feature, and peculiar to this new plan of marine craft. There is no hull, and nothing to be forced through the water; but as a port, answering the same purpose, are what he calls the "ties" of his railway, but which may be properly called pontoons, lying crosswise, and under the car, and the sections (pontoons) being connected together each to its pillow, they form an endless chain, which, by means of an engine, is made to revolve around large perpendicular wheels at each end of the car, after the manner of the tread-bark in the well-known horse tread-power; therefore, half of this belt is consecutively in the water, making a base, a foundation for the car to pass over. By its continued rotating movement around the wheels the sections of the chain are, as they are released at the stern from position in the water, carried up over the stern wheel, and forward between the lower deck and cabin, to the fore wheel, where they are each, in turn, let down again by the fore wheel into the water.

## FASHION CHIT-CHAT.

**THE English or Dolman cloak will be much worn.**  
Rough overcoats will be much worn, and will be made rather long.

In cassimeres, subdued plaids and stripes are the prevailing pattern.

Feathers and fruit will be extensively used, almost entirely superseding flowers.

Hats will be worn larger than heretofore, giving room for more elaborate trimming.

In colored silks, dark cloth shades are the latest styles, and black silks will also be largely worn.

The popularity of the Normandy cap for babies has almost ruled out the quaint little French cap.

Ruffings à la Queen Elizabeth, of all varieties, but principally large, is a predominant mode of neckwear.

The most elegant of Fall suits will be a lizard green and black-striped linen polonaise, the stripe being of satin.

Cashmere and camel's hair cloth will be much sought after, and the rougher the surface the more desirable will be the goods.

The Scotch snood is being again introduced. Brunettes should choose pink, and blondes, blue or Nile green or narrow black-velvet.

A novelty in polonaises is promised from France. It will be double-breasted, and made of a dark-blue linen, with lemon-colored cord and buttons.

In ribbons, the latest colors are prune, ours, sorosis, Waterloo, Niagara, Atlantic, serpent, lizard, vert mousse, marine, myrtle, Ardoise and bronze.

Ladies' dresses will be of quiet style, long redingotes with large buttons and pockets, with moderate trimmings, will be the most fashionable street dress.

A pretty hat, and likely to be much in vogue, is a dark straw turned up at the side, with a peaked crown, and trimmed at the side with a rooster pompon.

For evening gatherings, brunettes will appear the prettiest in all shades of yellow, red or crimson; ruddy blondes, in blue and light green; pale ones in blue.

Neckties are rather subdued; the latest style is the wearing of a narrow ribbon corresponding in color to the dress, tied into a small bow, and the ends falling below the waist.

Oxidized jewelry is the rage, taking precedence of any other kind, and sets of this material are worn extensively, including large buckles, canteens and urns for suspension from the waist.

A nice covering for children in the Winter is a hood, which conceals the entire head, with ends attached, which falls gracefully over the shoulders, after the manner of a Russian bashlik.

A nice Marie Antoinette cap, with long streamers, which cross the breast, and are tied around the waist, the ends falling down the back, is a handsome appendage, and likely to be much worn.

A pretty style in sash ribbons is noticeable, that of a combination of Roman colors and watered edge, or Roman edge and velvet centre. These combinations are imported in various widths for sashes, belts and hair-ribbons.

## GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

**DURING the month of August there were 829 subordinate granges organized.**

Kansas has now 502 granges.

Douglas County, Kan., numbers 23 granges.

Tennessee has gained 23 granges in three weeks.

The State Grange of Arkansas meets on the 13th of next month.

Illinois ranks third in the number of granges, having at the last report 613.

The farmers of Tennessee had a State Convention at Nashville on the 16th.

A grand farmers' picnic is to be held at Ball, near Springfield, Ill., on the 28th inst.

Granges composed wholly of colored persons are to be formed in Arkansas and Missouri.

The last report of Secretary Kelley places the number of subordinate granges in Iowa at 1,799.

The Grangers of Wapello, Iowa, have decided to raise \$100,000 to establish manufacturing.

A grange shipping association has been organized at Toledo, O., with a capital stock of \$100,000.

The Grangers of Randolph County, Ind., held a picnic at the fair grounds, Winchester, on the 9th.

Missouri is making suggestive progress in organizing granges. On the 6th inst. there were 718 in the State.

General John McConnell, living near Springfield, Ill., has been appointed General Deputy of the Farmers' State Grange of Illinois.

The ritual and manual of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry is to be translated into German, and German lodges are forming in the West.

A mass State Convention of the Patrons has been called at Kalamazoo, Mich., on October 3d, to be held under the auspices of the State Grange.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Farmer's Club shipped specimens of California fruit to the United States Pomological Fair, which opened at Boston, September 10th.

The Farmers' Association of Sidney township, Champaign County, Ill., have had a grand trial of plows, and have decided that riding-plows do the best work with the least draft.

Colonel D. H. Jaques, General Deputy of the Patrons of Husbandry, has appointed Rev. T. A. Carruth special deputy for Florida, with full authority to organize granges in the State.

The Grangers of Fayette County, Iowa, had a grand celebration at Fayette on the 11th. Governor Carpenter, State Master Smedley and Grand Master Adams were the speakers.

Deputies in Texas, Louisiana, Florida and Alabama are pushing the work, and will soon report State granges.

Virginia and West Virginia will also shortly wheel into line, completing the list of Southern States.

Delegates of the several granges of Dubuque County, Iowa, met at Rockdale on the 8th, and arranged for a monster basket picnic at Elworth on the 17th, with A. B. Smedley, Master of the State Grange, as orator.

The Mississippi State Grange met at Jackson on the 9th. There are 257 granges in the State, and nearly all were represented in the convention, among the members being 20 female delegates. By invitation of the grange, a public address was delivered by Colonel Hooker on the 12th inst.

Of the Farmers' Convention (August 25th) in Iroquois County, Ill., the *Omaha Review* says: "It was a body that recognized the fact that the war is over, and that there are other people than rebels who now need reconstructing; that there is no essential difference between the honest Democrat or Liberal and an honest Republican; that a thief is a thief whether his thefts be petty or large. These ideas are pretty clearly set forth in the resolutions, which are plain, straightforward and positive, and are unquestionably the sentiments of two-thirds of the voters in this country."

At Cambridge, Ill., recently, the Grangers of Henry County held a convention. There were 200 delegates from the county. They will meet again on the first Monday in October to nominate a full county ticket. In one of the resolutions they adopted they answer the question in this wise: "Resolved, That the anti-monopoly movement of the people was inaugurated because of the corruption existing in the State and National Governments, and that its continued increase of power until it shall overshadow all other powers in the land is an absolute necessity to the salvation of free institutions."

The Nashville Union and American says: "The farmers of Green County, Wis., who seem to be ahead of the guild in most of the counties in that State in meeting the emergencies of the hour, evidently understand the important art of putting things. After pronouncing in favor of a tariff for revenue only, they resolve 'that a law compelling one man to pay a tax to support the business of another, is nothing less than legalized robbery.' The gist of the whole matter is here vigorously stated: 'for of course the tax that is referred to is not necessarily paid to a collector, but may as well be paid to a merchant or other person in the form of the increased price of commodities.'"

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### NEW ENGLAND.

**MAINE.**—The boot and shoe manufacturers and jobbers of Portland, with a working capital of \$375,000, do an annual business amounting to over \$2,500,000.

The eighth State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association has been called to meet at Auburn, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 7th and 8th.

The Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the United States and of the States of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, have arranged in Sebree Lake suitable places for the purpose of hatching land-locked salmon to be placed in various other ponds which are not stocked.

It is proposed to build a new dam at Treat's Falls which will furnish a constant supply of water for the city of Bangor, and much additional power.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—The tornado was very severe in Belknap Falls and Walpole. Passing down the valley of the Connecticut and Cold Rivers, it leveled the tobacco crop. The loss at Walpole is estimated at \$10,000.

The War Department are employing 50 men in the erection of earthworks for the defense of Portsmouth Harbor.

The Ashuelot Valley Fair will be held at Winchester, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 30th and October 1st.

The Concord Horticultural Society will hold its annual exhibition in Phoenix Hall, September 24th, 25th and 26th.

**VERMONT.**—The seventh annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held in Burlington, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th and 16th.

A nickel mine, lately opened in Westmore Common, is expected to be very profitable, as the proportion of gold mixed with the ore is believed to be sufficiently large to pay the costs of working.

The drought in Swanton is very severe; it is with difficulty farmers can get water for their stock, and wells and streams are dry that have never been known to fail before.

Brandon will hold her tenth annual fair on Wednesday and Thursday, September 24th and 25th, under the auspices of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Club.

The State Pharmaceutical Society will hold its annual convention at Burlington, on the 25th.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The annual exhibition of the Worcester County Horticultural Society opened at Worcester.

Four races, with purses amounting to \$1,000, will take place at Lee, October 1st and 2d. The entries will close September 22d.

The Unitarian Association held a convention in Mendon on the 9th and 10th inst., the 210th anniversary of the organization of the first church in the vicinity.

The Berkshire Athenaeum of Pittsfield contemplates the erection of a new building for its accommodation.

The Good Templars of North Attleboro' celebrated their seventh anniversary on the 11th.

The American Pomological Association held its quadrennial meeting in Boston.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—The Rhode Island Horticultural Society will hold its Autumnal exhibition in the Providence Music Hall, on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th inst. Over \$1,000 are offered in premiums.

The State Fair of the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry was held at Narragansett Park, Cranston, recently.

The First Light Infantry of Providence will visit Albany on the 24th, when a fine reception will be given them.

The inmates of the Rhode Island State Prison, 206 in number, are nearly all idle and confined in their cells, on account of the expiration of a large stove contract.

**CONNECTICUT.**—The only place where sewing-machines are made in this country is New Haven, and every part is done by machinery invented by New Haven men.

The State Constitutional Reform Association of New Haven has called a public meeting in that city for October 9th.

The sixth reunion of the old Tenth Connecticut Volunteers will be held at Greenwich, Thursday, September 25th.

The fourth annual convention of the Catholic State Temperance Union was held at Norwich, on the 10th.

### THE MIDDLE STATES.

**NEW YORK.**—The Democratic State Convention will meet at Utica on the 1st of October.

A State Convention of Liberal Republicans will be held at Elmira, October 8th.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—The adjourned annual meeting of the American Public Health Association has been postponed to November 11th, in New York City.

The programme of the coming Evangelical Alliance meeting is now pretty well filled. The first gathering will take place at Association Hall, New York, on Thursday evening, October 2d, Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, presiding, and the Rev. Dr. Adams pronouncing the address of welcome. The close of the conference will take place on Sunday, October 12th, with farewell address at the Academy of Music, and prayers in all the languages represented at the meeting.

Intelligence has been received from Commander Braine, stating that the deserted camp of the Arctic exploring vessel *Polaris* had been found by Commander Greer, together with many records of Captain Bunting's party.

**NEW JERSEY.**—Newark has had an attack of official corruption, the Receiver of Taxes being found too "irregular."

A handsome gold medal is to be offered as the prize for a type-setting match, to take place in the Industrial Exposition of Newark.

The Fire Department of Newark had its annual muster on the 9th. The Gleason Hook and Ladder Company, of Troy, N. Y., and Steamer No. 2, of Morristown, participated in the parade.

Professor James Strong, of Drew Seminary, Chief of the Oriental Topographical Corps, is organizing an expedition for visiting Egypt, Asia Minor and Palestine, which will start about Christmas. A large staff of engineers, scientists and artists will accompany him, and a limited and select party of tourists.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—The only manufacturing for knitting needles in the United States is near Lawrenceville. Nearly five hundred varieties are made.

The establishment of the Zoological Garden in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is progressing rapidly. The part donated to the society by the Park Commission has an area of about fourteen acres.

The annual Exhibition of the Perry County Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held on the 1st, 2d and 3d of October.

The Army of the Cumberland Society will hold its seventh annual reunion at Pittsburgh, September 17th and 18th.

The National Grand Lodge of Good Fellows held its annual session in Philadelphia.

**DELAWARE.**—It is estimated that the peach-growers will lose \$200,000 by the late storm.

Young partridges are abundant this season in Delaware, and the sporting fraternity will have good shooting this Fall.

The sixty-first annual meeting of the Delaware Bible Society was held on the 11th inst., at Delaware City.

### THE SOUTH.

**TENNESSEE.**—The Memphis Turnverein celebrated its twenty-first anniversary at Humboldt, on the 8th.

**MARYLAND.**—The Kent County Agricultural Fair commences September 30th.

The Grand Lodge United States I. O. O. F., met in Baltimore, Monday, September 15th.

**KENTUCKY.**—The Louisville Educational Association held its final meeting of the year on the 13th.

The result of the Masonic jubilee, held last St. John's Day (June 24th), has been to reinforce the fortunes of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home with \$20,000.

The extensive Norton Iron Works, at Ashland, the largest establishment of the kind in the West, have been completed, and operations will be commenced in a few weeks.

**VIRGINIA.**—A movement is on foot in the Southern States to have an equestrian statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, which was begun some years ago, completed, and placed either at Lexington or Richmond.

**LOUISIANA.**—Mayor Lindsay, of Shreveport, writes that the interior points of that city are under strict quarantine, and trade is in consequence paralyzed.

**TEXAS.**—The first annual fair of the Middle Texas Fair Association will commence September 30th, at Corsicana, and last four days.

Galveston and Houston have been quarantined on account of the yellow fever, and a great panic prevailed on the 7th and 8th.

Brownsville was recently visited by the severest storm of wind and rain that it has experienced for many years. A large number of vessels were destroyed.

**GEORGIA.**—Immense amounts of land are being sold to foreign capitalists in Bartow, Polk, Murray, Dade and Gilmer Counties, for emigration purposes, and at extremely low figures.

Four young ladies have entered for the cooking match at the State Fair—chance for two more, one for each day. These young ladies are of the most aristocratic and best families.

### THE WEST.

**INDIANA.**—The United Presbyterian Synod meets at Princeton during October.

Dr. A. G. Thomas, of Georgia, has been elected Professor of Latin in the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis.

The Pope has given to Notre Dame University, of Indiana, a beautiful marble statue representing the Virgin Mary sitting in deep meditation by her spinning-wheel.

**ILLINOIS.**—The next meeting at Dexter Park, Chicago, will begin on the 30th inst., and will continue four days.

Restored Chicago has now 212 churches in operation, 83 benevolent and other public societies, 49 Masonic and 110 other secret societies, not including industrial unions, 84 newspapers, 31 railroad companies, and 1,100 public streets.

A convention will meet in Chicago, October 16th, to consider the feasibility of building a new railroad from that city to Savannah, Ga., via Lexington, Ky.

The Inter-State Industrial Exposition of Chicago will be formally opened to the public on Thursday, September 25th.

The National Pork Packers' Association met in convention at Chicago on the 10th.

**OHIO.**—There is an establishment of some twenty German Jesuit Fathers, who have planted themselves at Toledo, on the borders of Lake Erie, at the request of the Bishop of Cleveland.

Bishop Morris, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, is said to be hopelessly ill at his home, in Springfield.

Henry Probasco, the well-known art-lover, of Cincinnati, has sent four bronzed iron sofas to be placed near his former gift, the Davidson Fountain.

**WISCONSIN.**—The fourth annual meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Press Association will convene at Oshkosh on the 1st of October.

**MISSOURI.**—The Grand Order of the United States of the Ancient Order of Druids met in St. Louis on the 8th. Representatives from eighteen States were present.

The merchants of St. Louis raised \$1,200 in a few minutes on "Change, for the relief of the sick at Shreveport, La.

**MICHIGAN.**—The Presbyterian Synod of the State will be convened October 16th.

In the Constitutional Convention a resolution inquiring into the expediency of submitting the question of female suffrage to a vote of the women of the State at the Spring elections in 1877, and if a majority of them vote in favor of it, the suffrage to be extended to the sex, was adopted.

**IOWA.**—The State University opened on the 18th inst.

The State Fair opened at Cedar Rapids on the 8th, with excellent prospects of a large attendance.

**MINNESOTA.**—The State Temperance Convention at Owatonna adjourned without making any nominations.

**KANSAS.**—The Texas cattle drive of this season to Kansas is now nearly, if not quite, all in. The total receipts will reach about 500,000 head.

**COLORADO.**—Denver is sinking an immense artesian well. It is over 500 feet down.

Every town in Colorado is excited over the "narrow gauge," and voting bonds with reckless extravagance.

The town of Del Norte is rapidly improving, and, no doubt, it will ultimately be the metropolis of Southwest and Southern Colorado.

### FOREIGN.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—A new and valuable field of coal has quite lately been discovered in Northamptonshire.

Three new war-vessels have just been added to the British Navy, and 25 others are in course of construction.

A tunnel is proposed beneath the River Humber, in England, which will be nearly two miles in length. It will begin at Hesse, and terminate at Barton, in North Lincolnshire.

The Bank of England forgers have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

**FRANCE.**—The new forts around Paris are to be begun this month. There will be 22 of them. It is said that when erected a siege of the city will be impossible.

The elections of presidents for Conseils Généraux of France have resulted in the return of 48 Conservatives and 32 Republicans.

**SPAIN.**—A national exhibition is to be held at Madrid next month, if political complications will permit, to comprise branches of agriculture, mineral resources, fine arts, etc.

The British fleet in Spanish waters has been augmented by the *Derivation*, *Agincourt*, *Sultan*, and *Northumberland*, four of England's most powerful ironclads.

Señor Salmeron, in his speech on taking the chair as President of the Cortes, urged the Deputies to give their undivided support to the Administration of Señor Castelar.

**ITALY.**—The Pope has ordered the restoration of the cupola of St. Peter's and of the loggie of the Vatican to be continued. These works were suspended for a time for want of funds. The expense will be defrayed by the Pope.

Two important declarations have been recently signed between Italy and Germany. One provides for the treatment of each other's



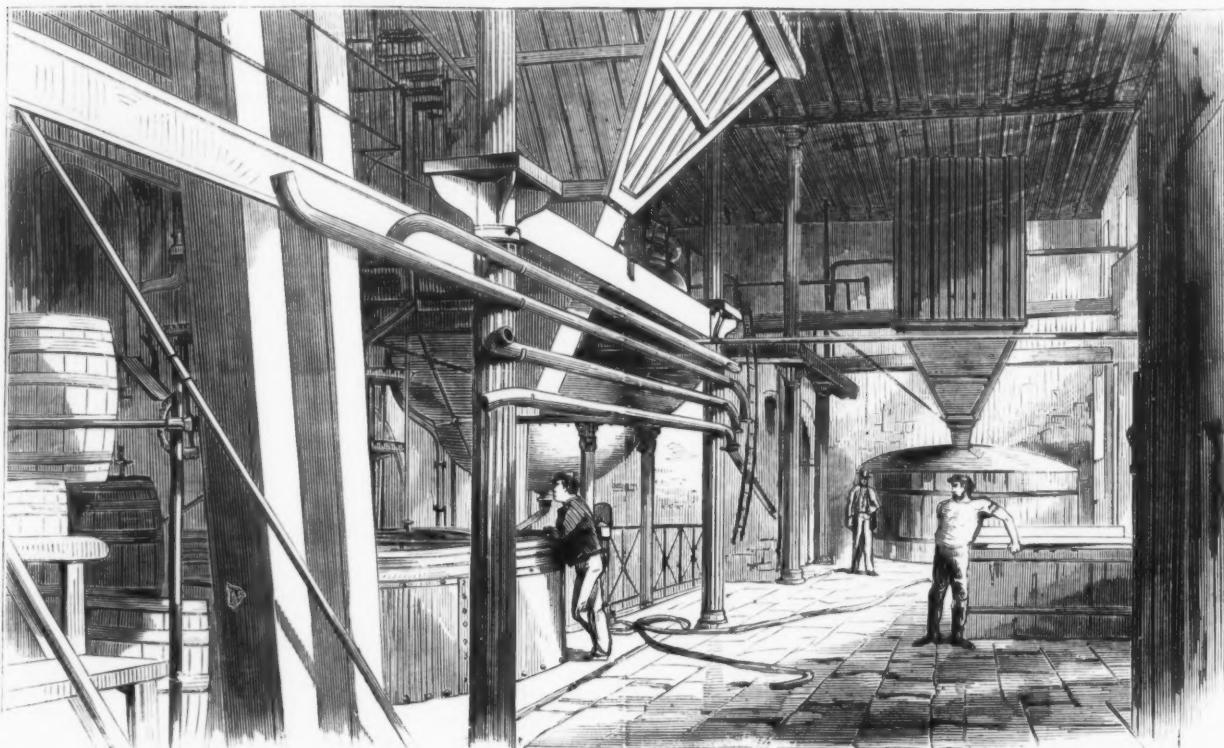
# LAGER-BEER, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

"—And chronicle small beer."—*Othello*.

"And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbor; drink, and fear not your man."—*2 K. Hen. IV., ii., 3.*

BEER has been a favorite beverage in a great many countries, and for so many ages that even the records of antiquity seem not to run to the contrary. All the ancient Greek writers who were not too strongly biased against the humble drink by reason of their more intimate acquaintance with Olympian nectar and the waters of the Pierian Spring, assign the honor of its discovery to the Egyptians; although Moses, who must have been *au fait* in the various tipples of Pharaoh's people, is mum concerning it, while he mentions wine frequently. From this fact certain of his commentators rashly conclude that beer was not known to the Israelites till after his death.

Beer is very nourishing, because of the gum, sugar and starch it holds in solution; and the bitter substances combined with it impart their tonic properties. In our American beer—for the German *bier* manufactured here may now properly be so called—the proportion of alcohol is only about three



THE BREWERY.

grows moist, and acquires a temperature ten degrees higher than the surrounding air. It gives out a pleasant fruity smell, and germination begins by the shooting out of the fibrils of the young roots from the tip of every grain. This takes place about ninety-six hours after the removal of the grain from the steep. The rudiments of the future stem begin to appear about a day after the germination of the rootlet. The germination is now checked, and the couching is succeeded by the flooring operation, which is merely spreading the grain more thinly upon the floor, and turning it over with spades two or three times a day. Now that the gluten and mucilage have mostly disappeared from the grain, this becomes white and crumbly like meal. It is then dried and freed from the roots, which have become brittle. Now the pure white barley is ground into a fine powder, which is very sweet to the taste. It is next poured down through a hopper into an immense tub in the brew-house, and boiling water let in upon it. The liquid or sweet wort is drawn off into copper vessels, called underbacks, and great care has now to be observed that the infusion shall be clear and



A LAKE OF LAGER.



BARRELING THE BEER.

per cent., a proportion so small that those who drink it are not obliged to wear harness on their throats, like Shakespeare's wise men. Whisky, which is considered our national beverage, is fast losing ground with us, and lager bids fair before many years to usurp its place; and this is as it should be, for a liquor of which "a little more than a little is by much too much," is not safe to make free with. Like *Iago's* wine, it is "a good familiar creature if it be well used," but the very using of it oft puts it out of our power to use it well, and then the creature becomes the master, and away we go to the bow-wows.

There are some 80 beer breweries in New York and its suburbs, which produced no less than 17,000,000 gallons in 1872. In 1842 there was but one, and that turned out only about 7,000 gallons yearly.

The process of manufacturing beer is very simple, but in all its different stages it requires the greatest care and attention. In order to give to the uninitiated a general knowledge of the mystery of beer-brewing, our artist has prepared the accompanying sketches, which are accurate pictures of different departments of the greatest New York brewery. With the various outbuildings belonging to it, the brewery covers an area of sixteen acres of the unbroken block. The brewery itself is one of the largest in the United States.

The first operation in beer-brewing is the preparation of the malt. In an immense room on an upper floor are stored thousands of bushels of barley. Here the grain is steeped for forty hours, the water being drawn off when the grain has become fully swollen. It is then left to dry for six hours. Then the grain is dried upon the malt-floor in rectangular heaps of 12 or 15 inches in depth. In this condition it is quite dry, but in the course of a day it



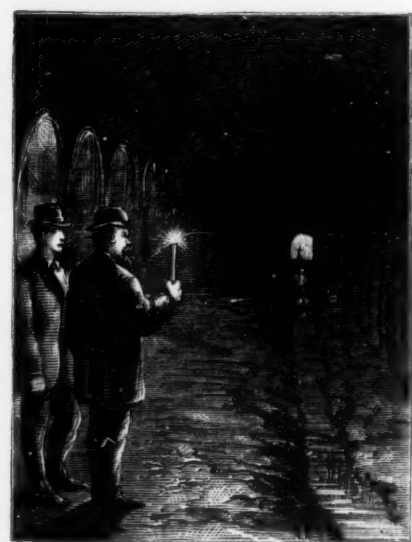
THE CELLAR.



BEER-COOLER.



THE FERMENTING-CELLAR.



THE WINTER CELLAR.

MAKING LAGER-BEER: A DAY IN AN AMERICAN BREWERY.—SKETCHED BY BEN DAY.





Mlle. ILMA DE MURSKA.



MADAME PAULINE LUCCA.—SEE PAGE 39.

free from any particles of the grain. It is a solution of the saccharine matters principally, the mucilaginous and resinous not being yet dissolved. Then water is again let into the mash at the temperature of 190 degrees, which is immediately reduced by the cooling malt to 176 degrees. The infusion percolates through the calandered tops of the underbacks and mixes with the first, and the contents of these vessels are pumped out into large copper kettles, furnished with steam valves, which are contrived to retain the steam at a temperature higher than 212 degrees. Here the sweet beer is boiled, and in the process hops are introduced. Then the worts are drawn into a square cistern, called the *hopfenseiher*, or hopback, where the liquor is strained out and the hops left behind. After remaining for a short time in the hopback, the beer is pumped up to the cooling

vats in the third story, whence, when about of the temperature of the surrounding air, it is run over the patent coolers into the fermenting tubs down below, where it remains for three weeks. Yeast is now added—in the proportion of from one to three gallons of yeast to one hundred of worts, more being required in Winter than in Summer. Then the beer is drawn into the settling-tuns, where it is kept for three or four months, when it is properly called *lager beer* for the first time. It is now ready to be drawn off into kegs and sent out to make the hearts of the thirsty glad.

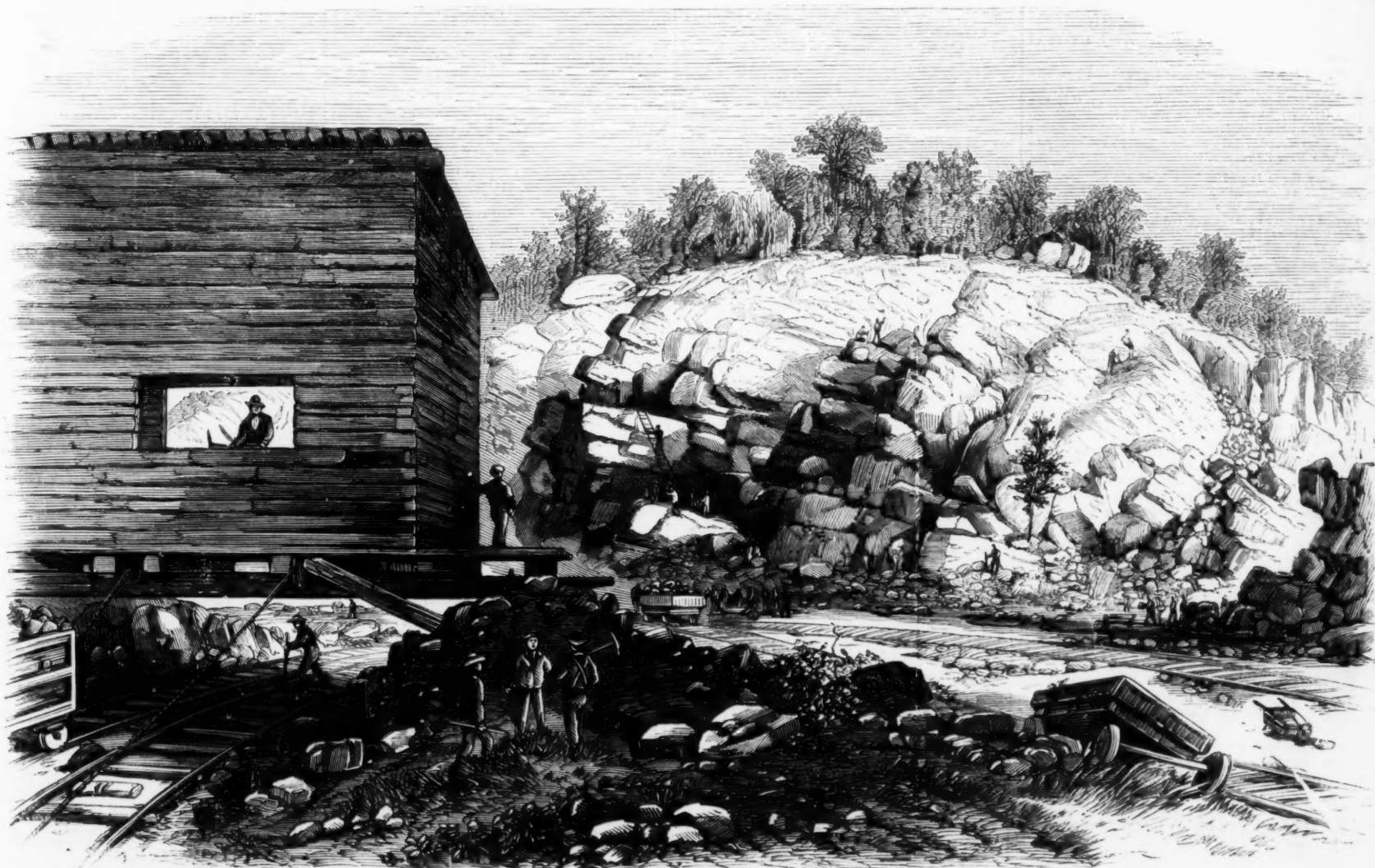
This is, in brief, a full description of the operation of brewing beer, as practiced in all large breweries. In the Lion Brewery, as in many others, there is as much care taken in the processes as if the result were to be the most precious Johannisberg. Everything about the building is kept most

scrupulously clean, ice-water being used for the cleansing of all the appliances, except the beer-kegs that are returned to be refilled. These are washed with hot water, and if at all sour are steamed.

The cellars of this brewery now contain 40,000 barrels of beer, or 160,000 kegs, or 1,200,000 gallons, which required in the making 100,000 bushels of malt, 100,000 pounds of hops, and from 1,000 to 3,000 gallons of yeast. The quantity of ice used here is no less than 6,000 tons annually. The brewery employs 70 men, including the drivers of 15 wagons and 50 horses. The passages through the cellars and fermenting-rooms underground are altogether about a mile in length, and are always dark as pitch, and cold as the poet's "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." One of our artist's sketches represents his party on an exploring expedition by candle-light in this underground world.

#### Mlle. ILMA DE MURSKA.

Mlle. ILMA DE MURSKA will soon make her bow before a metropolitan audience. She comes strongly recommended, for the trumpet-notes of her fame have long preceded her, and she will be sure of a hearty welcome. Mlle. Murska was born in Hungary, and is about thirty years of age. In personal appearance she is more striking than beautiful. Her features are irregular, but the face is wonderfully mobile and expressive. As a *prima donna assoluta*, her chief triumphs have been in *Lucia* and *Dinorah*, and it is probable that she will essay the former role on the occasion of her debut before a New York audience. In the "Queen of Night" she is the greatest that we have had for two centuries. Her voice is of extraordinary compass, and is handled with rare skill. In many respects



THE GREAT MISSOURI IRON REGION.—THE QUARRY ON PILOT KNOB MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 39.



it reminds one of Carlotta Patti, but the intonation is more clearly cut.

### HORTON, THE FORGER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., September 26th, 1873.  
FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—Dear Sir: I saw the picture of Horton, the forger, in the issue of your paper dated August 9th, 1873, and at once recognized it as the portrait of a man who had shortly before talked with me about the purchase of a coat (I am a clerk in a clothing store); and I afterwards looked for, found the man, and caused his arrest, as detailed by the newspapers published in this city. See Providence Evening Press, August 30th.  
Yours, respectfully, JAMES L. BLISS, JR.

### FRESH WATER BUBBLES.

A MODEL man—A manikin.  
LONG division—A divorce.  
TOPERS are never water-tight.  
A NOVEL sailor's jacket—Coat of tar.  
AN ill-bred act—Cheating your baker.  
A NEW name for tight boots—A corn crib.  
A TENDER suggestion—To "mind your eye."  
BOLTING a convention does not necessarily shut it up.

EVERYBODY is on a strike now, as is usual in fly-time.

WHEN railroad frogs croak look out for an accident.

PARTING words from Germany to France—Our occupation's gone.

WHAT length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above two feet.

A BALLOON's greatest necessity and greatest danger—Blowing up.

A MAN, who is rather unfortunately married, being requested by his wife to have the ice-man stop there, said it was scold enough now at the house to suit him, and then dodged.

NINETEEN of every twenty persons who write a family letter, after closing with the injunction to "write again as soon as you can," tilt back and devoutly exclaim, "Thank heaven, that job is done!"

IN a Californian obituary it is stated that "the deceased was a person of a romantic nature. He placed the breech of his gun in the fire, and looking down the muzzle, departed hence spontaneously."

A BOY who was called up by his teacher for giving his schoolmate a black eye, pleaded that he only threw a bit of water at him; but, on being pressed in the cross-examination, he at last admitted that the water was frozen.

A FARMER who saw a drunken individual carried to the lockup the other evening, asked his class last Sunday where people learned to drink the evil stuff? and was assured by a freckled boy with a pimple on his nose that it was in the hay-fields.

AN old bachelor says that he has known ladies in whom the instinct of decoration was so strong, that if they were told they must be hanged in the presence of twenty thousand persons to-morrow, their first thought would be, "Oh, dear! and I haven't a dress fit to be hung in!"

A DETROIT boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it, and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

DURING the late war Dr. —, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a New York journal—it must have been written by a philosopher or a first-class joker: "If the party who took a fancy to my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, all right; but, if by commercial considerations, I am ready to negotiate for its return."

WHEN there is not a breath of air stirring, and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar outdoors, and you will be surprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try this experiment in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

A STOUT CITY lady went to a gallery to have her picture taken. After putting her in position, the artist put in the camera, and told her to look at a certain place on the wall. She wasn't certain of seeing it well from where she sat, and so she got up and walked over to it, but failed to discover anything curious about it.

SIR FLETCHER NORTON, who was somewhat ill-mannered, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial rights, chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

BARTHE, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments; but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not above an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthe, "but this will only occupy half the time."

HOST—"Nice party, isn't it, Major Le Sponger?" "High and low, rich and poor—most people are welcome to this 'ouse? This is 'Liberty 'All, this is! No false pride or 'umbag about me! I'm a self-made man, I am!" The Major—"Very nice party, indeed, Mr. Shoddy. How proud your father and mother must feel! Are they here?" Host—"Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one must draw the line somewhere."

HIS TRUNK.—A nervous individual once entered a baggage-car, and commenced overhauling the contents. The guard, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him rather gruffly with: "What's the wanting, sir?" "I am looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man. "I will take care of your trunk, sir; that is my business," retorted the guard. "Oh, I am aware of that, but I would leave much rather keep my trunk under my eye." "Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your trunk under your eye the whole time." The nervous man disappeared.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AT VIENNA.—It is announced that the specimens of boots and shoes and other leather-work that have taken the highest premium at the Vienna Exposition were stitched on Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machine No. 6, which is adapted to a much wider range of work in leather and cloth than any other machine in existence. When we consider, in this connection, that their Family Sewing Machine was the first introduced into the household for general use, and for more than twenty years has stood unrivaled, we do not wonder that this Company has received, at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the Grand Medal for Merit and the Grand Medal for Progress since receiving the highest premiums at former World's Expositions, besides being the only Sewing Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor.

PROTECT YOUR BUILDINGS, which may be done with less than quarter the usual expense by the use of GLINE'S PATENT SLATE ROOFING PAINT. A roof may be covered with a very cheap shingle, and by the application of this Slate, be made to last from 25 to 30 years. Old roofs may be patched and coated, and made to look much better, and last longer, than new shingles without the Slate, for one-third the cost of re-shingling. The cost of slating new shingles is only about the cost of simply laying them, and the Slate is fire-proof against sparks and live coals falling upon it, as may be easily tested by any one, and as appears from the fact that Insurance Companies make the same tariff that they do for slated roofs. For tin and iron it has no equal, as it expands by heat and contracts by cold, and never cracks or scales. For Cemetery fences it is particularly adapted, as it will not corrode in the most exposed places. Roofs covered with Tar Sheeting Felt can be made water-tight at a small expense. The Slate or Paint is extremely cheap. Two gallons will cover a hundred square feet of shingle roof, or over four hundred of tin or iron. Price of the Slate ready for use is 80 cents per gallon, \$16 per half-barrel, or \$30 per barrel of about 40 gallons, with a liberal discount to the trade. We furnish and apply the material for \$2.50 per 100 square feet in the vicinity of New York. We use no tar in this composition, therefore it does not affect the water from the roof, if turned off for the first one or two rains. The Paint has a very heavy body, but is easily applied with a 4 or 6-inch coloring brush. On old rotten shingles it fills up the holes and pores, hardens them, and gives a new and substantial roof that will last for years. On curled or warped shingles, it brings them to their place and keeps them there, it fills up the holes in tin or felt roofs, and stops the leaks; one coat is equal to ten of ordinary paint. The color of the Slate, when first applied, is of a dark purple, and in about a month it changes to a light uniform slate color, and is to all intents and purposes slate. It is a slow drier, but the rain will not affect it in the least in one hour after it is put on. Samples sent to any part of the country by Express, C. O. D., at the following prices. If ordered to be sent by freight, the money must accompany the order:

1 Gallon and Can	.....	\$1 50
2 Gallons and Can	.....	2 50
5 Gallons and Keg	.....	5 50
10 Gallons and Keg	.....	9 50
15 Gallons and Keg	.....	13 50
20 Gallons and Keg	.....	16 00
40 Gallons and One Barrel	.....	30 00

Roofs examined, estimates of cost given, and, when required, will be put in thorough repair. Orders respectfully solicited. Agents wanted in every town. For full information, recommends from Insurance Companies, and others, Editorials from the leading Newspapers, or a sample Shingle coated with the Slate, address, NEW YORK SLATE ROOFING COMPANY, 6 Cedar Street, New York City.

ASSORTMENTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—It is now the sixth year that my name and business have been before the public. The sending ASSORTMENTS of goods, bought for the cash down and elegant and special styles, manufactured in the heat of Summer, with labor at half-price, and bringing them directly before the customer, with no intervention of middlemen, gives these advantages: You can shop in New York City without going there, returning all the ASSORTMENTS if it does not suit you. The original designs are not to be obtained elsewhere. The unexampled and unapproachable low prices. The judgment of the practiced hand who puts up the ASSORTMENT for you. For the Fall, an unusually elegant ASSORTMENT of Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches, Guard, Opera, Necklace Opera and Leontine Chains to match, Cameos, Coral Cameos, Coral Rosebud, Turquoise, Amethyst, and all Gold Sets. The new Circular, free to every one, with the Fashion Articles, absolutely necessary to those wishing correct styles in Jewelry, contains also a large amount of new and useful matter interesting to everybody. For the splendid Photographic Illustrations of my best goods, to show you just how they look, inclose ten-cent stamp, which is less than one-quarter of what they cost me. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York City.

P. T. BARNUM'S new, unparalleled, and extraordinary enterprise—the MARVELOUS DRAWING-ROOM AGGREGATION—makes its first appearance in Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday, September 23d. A more brilliant program of varied novelties was never before presented to the American public. Mr. Barnum promises that his entertainment shall be unequalled, and in every way worthy of the most intelligent patronage. All the principal towns in the United States will be visited during the coming Fall and Winter. Mr. B. J. Lowell is the Traveling and General Superintendent of the "Aggregation."

THE NEW COLONNADE HOTEL, Philadelphia, Pa., is only four blocks from the CATHEDRAL.

IT IS SADDENING to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR removes it and restores the hair sometimes, but its original color always.

### Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for sprained, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. ROSS & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

### VIENNA PREMIUMS AGAIN, AND THE AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.

By reference to the "General Regulations of the Vienna Universal Exhibition," published by Archduke Regnier, President of the Imperial Commission, we find medals were to be awarded in the Mechanical Department, in two classes—one for MERIT, and one for PROGRESS. The medal for merit was for the article possessing the greatest merit of its kind and class; and the medal for progress for the article or thing which had made the greatest progression towards perfection. (In this country the award of progress would be called a second premium.) Hence we conclude that, as the Wilson Sewing Machine was the only sewing-machine that received the Grand Medal of Merit, when the awards were made at the Vienna Exposition, it must have been the best sewing machine on exhibition; although other sewing-machines that received medals for progress should not be considered very inferior machines. At the great American Centennial Exposition of 1876 they may have so improved as to equal the world-renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine.—New York Tribune, September 28th, 1873.

A GRAND SCHEME.—We know of nothing more tempting to eye and heart than the scheme for the Fourth Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. The three former concerts have proved that whatever the managers promise will certainly be performed, and now they promise us a Million and a Half of Dollars at their December Concert. They will give it, and somebody certainly will get it. But it is equally sure that the fortunate parties must of necessity be ticket-holders. Those who do not adventure will not win; but, of those who do adventure, one in every five is sure to win, and even the losers are but contributors to an enterprise of great magnitude, which reflects honor on all who have aided it. (See Advertisement.)

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY.—To the Public.—For over 26 years Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment has been sold; every bottle has been warranted, and not one has been returned. Thousands of certificates of its wonderful curative properties can be seen at the Depot. It will do all, and more, than it is recommended for. It is perfectly safe to take internally. See oath with every bottle. It cures Cholera, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sea Sickness, Chronic Rheumatism, Sprains, Old Sores, Cuts, etc. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. 938-41

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, COR. CROSBY ST., offers now a complete assortment of Fall and Winter clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway suits, etc., 40 per cent less than original cost. No trouble to show goods. tf

DR. B. C. PERRY, of No. 49 Bond Street, New York, is temporarily established at 187 South Clark Street, Chicago.

DOUGAN, MANUFACTURER and DEALER in GENTS' HATS, Etc. 102 Nassau, corner of Ann Street, New York. 939-51

Instead of BITTER use SWEET QUININE. 933-40

IF you want a stylish fitting SUIT OF CLOTHES, go to FLINN, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Burr). 925-47

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chronometers and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials. tf

A Great Change has lately taken place in the public sentiment in reference to the possibility of curing Hernia. The new Elastic Truss retains the rupture absolutely at all times; is worn with perfect ease night and day, till a cure is effected. Sold at moderate price, and sent by mail to all parts of the country by the Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who send Circulars free.

The best "Elastic Truss" in the world is now sold by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York, for three dollars. Write to them for full particulars.

Surgical Elastic Stockings for enlarged veins, and Supporting Belts of best quality, at POMEROY'S, 744 Broadway, N. Y. tf

CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and shoes should be worn by Mechanics and all who are kept indoors, as they are not affected by heat or draught.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES The strong point about them is simply this, they add 5 cents to the cost of a shoe, and from \$1 to \$2 to its wearing value. 937-40

Wedding Cards, No. 302 Broadway. JAMES EVERDELL. Established 1840. tf

ONE APPLICATION OF BARRY'S PEARL CREAM Mantles the pale and faded cheek with youthful bloom and BEAUTY. Sold by all druggists, and at the depot, 26 Liberty St., New York. Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY. 908 Prizes, amounting to.....\$525,000 One Prize of.....100,000 One Prize of.....50,000 One Prize of.....25,000 Two Prizes of.....10,000 Six Prizes of.....5,000 Drawings September 17th, October 4th, October 22d, November 8th, November 26th, December 18th. Circulars with full information sent free on application. Tickets for sale by F. C. DEVLIN, Stationer and Printer, 30 Liberty Street, New York. 939-42

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for \$10. R. L. WOODCOCK, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. 931-82

## P. T. BARNUM'S MARVELOUS DRAWING-ROOM AGGREGATION.

P. T. BARNUM,.....Manager and Proprietor  
B. F. LOWELL,.....General Superintendent  
A consolidated organization of the highest order of professional and artistic excellence, embodying the  
CREME DE LA CREME OF OPERATIC AND POPULAR VOCALISM,  
COMIC AND CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES,  
GYMNASTIC MIRACLES, and  
ACROBATIC TOURS DE FORCE,  
COLLOQUIAL HUMOROUS WONDERS IN VENTRILOQUISM,  
LIGHTNING-LIKE CHANGES AND IMPERSONATIONS,  
ETHIOPIAN DELINQUENTS, SINGS-AND DANCES,  
SELECTED AND BRILLIANT INSTRUMENTAL INTERPOLATIONS.  
Constituting a comprehensive pot-pourri equally REFINED, EXCITING, CHASTE AND NOVEL, interpreted by a corps of artists, each one of whom is of especial and world-wide repute, while conjointly they constitute a veritable GALAXY OF STARS, unequalled by any other combination in EUROPE OR AMERICA.  
In organizing and perfecting this association of elite performers, Mr. P. T. Barnum has been actuated by the desire of elevating the style of PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS to a standard commensurate with the demand of the taste, intelligence and refinement of the American public. To this end, as in his other vast enterprises, he has spared no expense for the engagement of professional excellence, at whatever cost; and having, in this regard, fulfilled his mission, his brilliant and confidently assured UNRIVALED DRAWING-ROOM AGGREGATION is fairly launched before a liberal and discriminating public. The season will commence at the Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn., Monday evening, September 23d, and the tour will embrace all the leading cities of the Union.

## A GREAT RESORT

A great many pleasant hours can be passed at BASSFORD'S GREAT HOUSE-FURNISHING BAZAAR. Silver-Plated Ware, China and Glass Ware, Kitchen Cooking Utensils, etc. The largest assortment in the world, at prices that will please everybody.

BASSFORD'S, BASSFORD'S, Cooper Institute, Astor Place, Third and Fourth Avenues.

Personal attention to orders received by mail. Catalogues mailed on application.

## WEEKLY Brother Jonathan.

Enlarged to 32 LARGE COLUMNS. \$1.25 per year. 5 cents single copies. Send for specimen copy to BROTHER JONATHAN PUBLISHING CO., 45 Beekman Street, N. Y. 939-43

## VIENNA PREMIUMS.

## THE WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Received the Grand PRIZE MEDAL AND MEDAL OF HONOR

FOR THE BEST SEWING MACHINE, THE BEST MADE SEWING MACHINES, AND THREE Co-Operative Medals

FOR The Best Made Set of Harness, The Best Made Side-Saddle, The Best Boot and Shoe Work, And the Best Samples of Cloth Sewing.

No other Sewing Machines received Premiums on their merits, which we will prove by evidence at our office, and that all reports relating to the contrary are false.

Machines Sold on Easy Monthly Payments. SALESROOM: 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, And all other Cities in the United States.

## Wanted

More Farmers, Ladies, Ministers, Young Men and Women from every township, (\$500 to \$750 a week guaranteed) to act as Agents for Mary Clemmer Ames' New Book, TEN YEARS IN WASHINGTON. It tells of the "Inner Life," wonders, marvels, mysteries, secret doings, &c., of the Capital. "As a Woman Sees Them." It is actually overflowing with spicy revelations, humor, pathos and good things for all. It is indispensable to every wide-awake person,—man, woman, or child—is popular everywhere, with everybody, and is selling far and wide by thousands. 50 Engravings. Steel portraits of authors. Agents! don't mistake! Money for You in this work. Terms: \$100; particularly to readers of Frank Leslie's paper, in every State. (Western Agents N. B.) Outfit Free to any one. Reader! write at once for particulars (free) to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Ct.

MONEY Made Rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston. 935-59 eow



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OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL  
**CARPETINGS,**  
COMPRISING MANY VERY ELEGANT  
**PRIVATE DESIGNS,**  
Prepared and Colored under their supervision, and adapted  
to the taste of the AMERICAN MARKET.  
Strangers visiting the City are invited to give the assort-  
ment an examination.

Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street.

**IMMENSE SUCCESS!!**  
**40,000 Copies**  
Are already sold of  
**PART I.**  
OF  
**FRANK LESLIE'S**  
**Boys of America.**  
A Monthly Magazine,  
Containing  
**64 Quarto Pages,**  
Illustrated with  
**40 Engravings,**  
And stitched in a  
**Beautiful Colored Cover.**

THIS NEW MONTHLY is devoted to  
just such matter as will interest, instruct and charm  
the boys. Entertaining Stories, Adventures, Games  
of all kinds, Athletic Amusements, Work and Play, Fun,  
Humor, Sketches of Animals, History, Biography, etc.  
It is the cheapest periodical ever offered.

Price, only 15 Cents!

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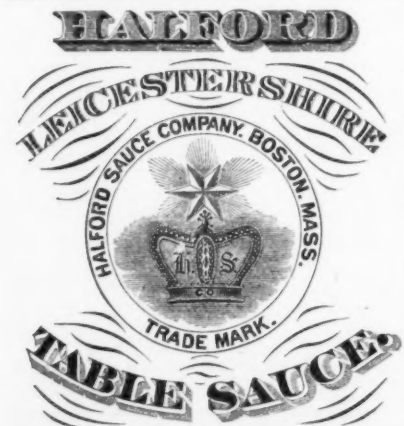


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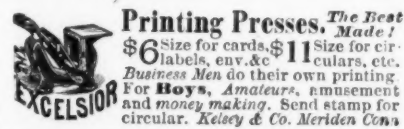
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The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

## PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole tickets, \$50; halves, \$25; tenths, or each coupon, \$5; eleven whole tickets for \$500; twenty-two and a half tickets for \$1,000; 113 whole tickets for \$5,000; 227 whole tickets for \$10,000. No discount on less than \$500 worth of tickets at a time.

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